

The Renowned HISTORY
(Or the LIFE and DEATH)
OF
Guy Earl of Warwick,
Containing his Noble EXPLOITS and VICTORIES.



London: Printed by A. M. for C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible in Gilt-
spur-street, and by J. Foster at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.



The Epistle to the Reader.

Courteous Reader, I have here undertaken to give you a full and satisfactory Account of the Life and Death of the far-Famed and most Renowned *English* Champion, *GUY Earl of WARWICK*, according to what can be collected out of the best Historians, both Ancient and Modern: No Work in this Nature ever yet appearing to the World with more than half a Face, or an imperfect Relation, the which has rather *sullied* the Heroick Actions of so brave a Man, than caused them to shine in their Native brightness, which was one of the chief Causes that incited me to venture this vast Scene, which includes not only *Europe*, but a great part of *Asia*, ere it can be finished. Having ever had a veneration for the Memories of worthy men, I thought not fit to let such Lawrels whither in the Dust, as heretofore have flourished on the Brows of our Renowned Hero, *Englands* greatest boast, well knowing how great an ingratitude it is to let that Honour lye burried in silence, that the Nation has deserved so well: And above all, I consider there is no greater Spur to prick forwards the minds of Men, to undertake *great designs* and *valourous exploits*, than by reading the worthy Deeds of such as have thereby attained to the height of Glory: For Storys of Battels, and of *War-like* Enterprizes, if drawn to the Life, do most commonly (as it were) bear *Fire* in themselves, the which often so inflames the Souls of youth, that it stirs them up with a desire to imitate the same, and the very Remembrance inspires them with Courage. For the Soul of Man being composed of a fiery substance (if not restrained by dulness and gross Humours of the body) will be ever reaching after this Sublime, placed in more than ordinary *Sphere*, especially in *English* men, who at this day are Famed for Courage & true *Heroick* valour through all the yet known World. No Nation under *Heaven* but in that must give us the prehemony, or we may justly claim it as our Birth-rights. And now dear *Country Men*, since I have taken some small pains in drawing out this History, as near as possible, to the Life, I hope you will be so just to the memory of this Renowned Earl, as to Read over his War-like and Pious Actions, if not to imitate them, which is the only wish of him who is a great Admirer of *True Worth*. Your loving Country-man, to serve you,

JOHN SHURLY

A 2

The

The ARGUMENT.

HOW Guy Lineally descended from Cassibilanius the Famous Brittain Prince, with a brief account of the Roman and Saxon Conquest over this Isle; Of Guy's Birth and Parentage, his Youthful exploits, and first falling in Love with Phælice, and what passed between them. How she sent him abroad to fight, having been admonished of his War-like Exploits in a dream. How Guy Landing in Normandy, killed two Champions, and grievously wounded the third, freeing a Lady, who was wrongfully condemned to dye. How he was pursued by Duke Philbertus, how he fought with him at Sea, and took him Prisoner: How he worsted all the German Princes, and won from them the Emperors Daughter; he returning here to England, kills the monstrous Dun Cow: After being sent abroad, he kills sixteen of Duke Ottons men, who lay in a wood to intercept his Life; assists the Duke of Lovain against Lorain, raises the siege, with a dreadful overthrow; afterwards makes peace, and with Two Thousand men puts to Sea, in order to the Relief of Constan-
tiantium, besieged by the Turks, meets with several Pirates, and destroys many of them, raises the siege, and kills many of the Pagan Champions, routing their Armies: Terry wounded, and his Lady taken from him, the which he restores, and assists his Father, besieged by Duke Otton, whom he in single Combate killed; Kills a Dragon and a Boar; then returns to England, and kills another Dragon in Northumberland; after that is married, then departs on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land; Kills Amarant an huge Gyant, and delivers those that he kept in Tortures; routs Amanthus, and restores Earl Terry to his Earldome; returns to England, Combates Colbron the Danish Gyant kills him, puts the Armies to rout, freeing England, then lives in a Cave, unknown to all but the King; At his death, sends Phælice his Ring, who coming to him, closed his Eyes, and shortly after dyes her self for grief; are splendidly burried in one Tomb, with an Epitaph infixed, and many other particulars more at large.



THE

5 THE RENOWNED HISTORY
OF
GUY Earl of WARWICK.

CHAP. I.

A brief Narration of the Roman and Saxon Conquest made of this Island, and of the miseries it incured; which brings us to the Birth and Lineal Descent of our famous Champion, the Heroick Earl.



When Rome had spread her Ensigns wide into the world, & made most Nations yield unto her Arms, France totally subdued some twenty Years before our Saviours Birth; *Cesar*, ambitious of more honour, from the distant shore, cast his Eyes on this our *Brittish* Isle, inclosed with white Rocks (from whence most do affirm it took its Name) and rounded with the Sea, then wild and barbarous, without Law or civil Customs; all painted people & in manners strange, Yet the great Warrior, (fired with successful Fortune) regarding not the People but the Land, desirous to annex it to his Conquests, and the *Roman* Empire, by reason of its temperate and pleasant situation, set sail from *Callis* with 200 Ships, thinking with his experienced Legions, and old Souldiers trained in War, in a short space to over-run this Isle, then ignorant in seats of Arms; but ere he Landed, found true *Brittish* Valour, so beyond his expectation, that he stood amazed: For the *Brittains* having Notice of the Invasion, all assembled under their several Kings or Princes.

Cassibelaun, a famous *Brittain*, then being chief; from whom renowned Guy our famous *English* Champion sprung; they encountered the *Romans* so fiercely at their Landing, that *Cesar* himself was forced shamefully to retreat with the loss of his own Sword, and several Ensigns and Standards were taken, his Army broken, and he forced back to *France*, to make Recruits: Such was the Valour then our Nation bore; and at the first on-set foiled proud *Rome*, to whose dread Arms the World their portion homage paid; nor did she make a Conquest here at last by the Sword, but after infinite loss, and twenty years toyl, was forced to grant the *Brittains* their own terms; the which was in the Reign of *Augustus*, about the time of our Saviour's Birth, that Prince of Peace, who established Peace throughout the world: And for 400 years that the *Roman* Emperors by their Lieutenants Ruled this Isle, no Nation afforded more valiant and redoubted men, who are continually drawn out for to supply their Armies in most quarters of the World; till the red Horse went out to take peace from the *Earth*, and the *Roman* Empire was grown so great that the

Bole

Bole was not able to support the Branches; whereupon the *Goths* and *Vandals* breaking into *Italy*, tore it in pieces, so that the *Romans*, to save their own nearer home, abandoned this Isle, and carried with them all the Flower of *Brittish* Chivalry; upon which, the *Scots* and *Picts* taking the advantage, overrun the *Northern* parts, destroying all with fire and sword, so lamentably, that the distressed *Brittains* were forced to call unto their aid the *Saxons*, a war-like People, that then flourished in *Germany*, which helped but to make their miseries the greater, for after they had subdued the *Brittish* Enemies, they became worse Enemies themselves, for *Hingest* and *Horfus*, their two Captains, observing the fruitfulness and pleasant situation of the Country, were loath to return to their own barren soyl, without good booties; whereupon, and the better to create a quarrel, the former married his Daughter to *Vortimor*, the *Brittish* King (descended Leneally from the before-mention *Cassibilain*) raised no small regret amongst the *Brittish* Nobility; especially because through her means the *Saxons* were preferred to the chief Dignities, the which increased their interest, and got them firmer footing in the Land, of which they complaining to the King, and finding no redress, put some affronts upon the *Saxon* Chiefs, who glad of any opportunity to beget a quarrel, thereupon (as they pretended for want of their promised pay) seized several Towns wherein their Souldiers were quartered; this alarm'd the *Brittains*, who headed by the young Prince, *Votimer's* Son, overthrew them in a pitched Battle, though not without much slaughter on both sides: and after having driven them out of all their places of strength, obliged them to leave the Land; but long they rested not content, for the next Year, having gathered a great strength they set sail for this Isle, the shores of which were so manfully defended against them, that they finding no possibility to Land, desired a Truce, and that they might treat with the *Brittish* Nobility about delivering them their Daughter; the which, after some debate, was granted, and about sixty of the *Saxons* come on shore privately Armed, to treat with the like number of *Brittains*, and in the midst of the treaty, every *Saxon* (as it was before contrived) slew his man, unless one who treated with (as some say) the Earl of *Warwick*, the Earl seeing the treachery, prevented him by pulling up an hedg-stake, with which he beat out his Brains and killed five or six more, himself getting away with only a slight wound in the left Arm. The chief Nobility being thus murdered by treachery, the amazed *Brittains* retreated & gave the *Saxons* opportunity to land, the which they had no sooner done, but they fell to their old trade of laying all wast with fire and sword; the which they executed with such cruelty, as made the people flee before them to the Mountains (which are now called *Wales*, and are the real Ancient *Brittains*) leaving their Houses, and what they could not carry or drive



drive away, to the ravage of the bloody Conquerors, who devided the Nation into seven parts, and named it an Hepterchy, each potion having a King over it, which continued so in civil wars amongst themselves about three hundred years, till it was totally subdued by *Edgard* the great K. of the *West-Saxon*, surnamed *Arhelstone*, about the sixth year of whose Reign was the ever Famous *Champion Guyraldus Cassibilanius*, vulgarly call'd *Guy* of *Warwick*, who as credible Historians do affirm, descended Lineally from the *British* Royal blood, ever since *Cassibilanius* the War-like Prince before recited, through the many changes and miseries of War c'ouded in obscurity, which now will be the subject of this ensuing History; since we have already shown you the miseries of cruel War, and the bravery of *British* Spirits, under such afflictions, and traced through the many adverse windings the descent of our *Hero*, *Englands* chief glory, whose name will live while time shall be no more.

And still be sounded by the Trump of Fame,
Where e're the *English* valour does proclaim.

C H A P. II.

How *Guy* descended from *Cassibilanius* the renowned *British* Prince; Of his Birth and youthful Exploits: And how he fell in Love with *Phælice* the Earls daughter, and how she dispised his suit.

Guyraldus *Cassibilanius*, Son of *Gordax Cassibilanius*, but more vulgarly known by the name of *Guy* of *Warwick*, by which name we must trace the History of his Life, born in the famous City of *Warwick*, in the sixth year of the Reign of *Edgard* the great, his Father being an accomplished Gentleman, and had formerly a very good Estate in *Northumberland*, which he was forced to part with to save his Life, at the time of his being taken Prisoner, for bearing Arms under the subdued *Saxon* King of *Meacia*, upon which resignation obtaining his Liberty from the Martial, in whose custody he was, he came to *Warwick*, & there so well behaved himself, that he won the affections and good liking of all the Gentry, but especially of Earl *Robards*, whom the King had made Governour of the Town and Castle, who took him into his house, and made him his Steward; in which place he behaved him self so well, that he won the affections of a Knights Daughter in the Town, which he married, and on her begat renowned *Guy*, the subject of this famous History, who might be said like *Hercules* from his very Infancy to be made for War, and great Exploits, being so well limbed from Head to Foot, as might denote a stout and war-like *Hero* would in time from that bold Infant rise; nay, and his Mothers dreams presaged no less: for during her pregnancy she fancied that *Mars* descended in a bloody Chariot drawn by two fiery Dragons, & told her

her, that the Infant that her womb contained, should be the glory of this Nation, and so great in Arms renown'd, as should amaze mankind, and be the terror of the Pagan world. This she declared to the Countess of *Warwick* about a month before her delivery, which afterwards proved true, as shall amply be related; For no sooner had he attained to eight years of Age, but he began to practice skill in wrastring, running, throwing stones, and other exercises that his tender years were capable of, in which he exceeded all that were much older and far bigger than himself, to the admiration of those that observed him more curiously: His delight was in hardships, & laborious exercise, & so continued till sixteen, at which age few men could encounter with him, he then was used to enter the List, and wheresoever he came, always came off with applause. Insomuch, that the *Earl* hearing of his unmatched exploits, sent for him, and entertain'd him at dinner with himself and several of the Gentry of that Country; but above all *Phelice* his beauritious daughter, Angel-bright



and with accomplished Graces Fraught, on whom *Guy* fixing his youthful Eyes, immediately felt Loves passion wound his Soul, and passion, like a Fever burned within; still as he gazed, he felt new Flames, and so unexpected a surprize, that all began to Wonder at this sudden change, his Father demanded the cause, but could not get the Secret from his Breast, it stuck too close yet after the sumptuous repast, he played several Prizes before the Earl, and being stung by Love, grew more fierce against his Combatants; or perhaps to shew the Lady his Valour, and to make her have some esteem of his worth; so that at Wrestling, Back-sword, Faulcheon, or the like, none were able to stand before him, for his force seemed more than man, and all that he struck or laid his hand upon, he felled or tumbled to the ground; so that at the last none durst encounter with him: He seeing that, put on his Clothes, and going to the Earl, humbly desired his License to retire himself as he pretended, for Refreshment? at which the Earl embracing him, said, *Go thou worthy Youth, our Nations Pride:* and withal gave him a Ring set with Diamonds, as likewise several Noble-men made him Presents, the which he unwillingly received, modestly excusing the applauses, and favours they had heaped upon him, saying *He was not worthy of them, and that his whole Lifes service must make them Restitution for those benefis he had received at their Hands;* which modestly made them yet commend him more, & have a greater esteem of his Vertues, and each was the more desirous of his Company; but at his earnest request, and the approach of night, they dismissed him, upon his promise to attend them the next day. After he was departed, and the Table sumptuously spread, Wine in abundance was called for, and supper no sooner ended, but the Earl begun *Guy's* Health, each of the Lords and Gentry then present pledging it with their Hats off. Such Fame got he by his prevailing manhood; after which round, their whole discourse was of his hopefulness, & the great Endowments that Nature and Art had conspired to bestow upon him: *Guy's* Father was much joyed in his happy Son. &c.

But now we must leave them in the midst of their Jollitry, and follow *Guy* into his secret retirement, where being arrived, he began to contemplate upon what he had seen, and could hardly perswade himself that she was mortal, so far his fancy wrought upon her affections; for indeed she was fair even to a Miracle, so that Age afforded her no Parallel, for Eyes she had that glittered like two Stars, shaded with Eye brows pleasant to behold, a fair high Forehead, and Cheeks as smooth as Alabaster, in which the Roses and the Lillies mixed so pure, that none could discern which had the superiority, her Teeth like Orient Pearls, inclosed with Coral Lips, and such a winning Smile as might ravish the beholder, with a smooth Chin transparent, whilest in cu-

rious wreaths her Golden Tresses hung; to these add a Majestick grace, and comly mean; to sum up all, Natures Masterpiece, the wonder of her Sex. These considered, wrackt poor *Guy* almost to despair of ever attaining such an accomplish'd creature, while thus he gives his passion Vent: How am I lost! for ever lost, in what a pathless maze is it I wander? can Loves force be such to wound an heart that never injur'd his Deity? but if it must be so, that it is thy sport (winged god) to wound us mortals with thy flaming thafis, let her in whose bright Eyes thou satest when first thou wingedst them with her Glances, and darted them into my breast) feel an equal passion, or else it is Tyranny to torture one thou art not purposed to relieve: How am I wrapped in Clouds, not knowing where I am, so quickly snatched in to the unknown Regions, where I cannot turn unto the right or to the left, but must either Soar aloft, or fall into Confusion, wild and ruinous, the latter is sure, if not prevented by the former: For me to attain that beautiful, lovely form divine, my sole-desire, is, I fear altogether impossible, by reason of the infinite distance in our Fortunes, she so high, and I so mean and low; yet that methinks should not divide us; Love is far more pure than Gold, and witness my wounds its force is irresistible: O ye powers! for what are these created Beings, these softer Beauties, if not to be enjoyed? or did ye send these Angelick shapes from your bright abodes, only to be gazed upon and wondred at by Love-sick man, and punish him by what he never must possess? 'tis sure they were not, nor can such lovely shapes lodge cruelty or proud disdain within their Breasts, why then neglect I to declare my suit? who knows but she may prove kind, or burn with equal flame, seeing her eyes bent equally with mine, and glance for glance she often sent, and now and then an Heavenly smile, which ended in a blush; I'll be no longer tortur'd thus between hope and despair, but will go to her, & with low obedience tell her that I love, so receive my sentence of Life or Death from her fair Lips; but alas! how shall I do it, seeing I am unskilful in that grand affair? assist me then, thou god of Love, and send one of thy golden shafts before to make me room, and yield me successful in this bold attempt; Virgin I come, my Favor burns too fierce to be delayed.

So saying, he stayed his Language with a peal of sighs, strait arose from the solitary Bed whereon he lay, and in the best attire he had, posted to *Warwick-Castle*, where he heard his Love was gone to recreate her self, but scarcely was he entred, ere he met the Earl with many of the Gentry, preparing for an hunting Match, all of them welcoming *Guy*, and desired his company, but he excused himself, by telling them he was much indisposed, & so with much ado obtained his exemption of the Earl, who immediately sent for his Physician

gian, and gave him strict charge to be careful of his health and preservation: so the Earl to Hunting rode, and Guy was conducted to his Chamber, where the Physician made no small ado to inquire into the Nature of his Malady: but the more he sought, the more he found himself at a loss; at which he perceiving *Guy*, to smile disdainfully, (the better to save his credit) told him he must be dyered, Blooded, and keep his Chamber, or his Distemper would grow worse; to which *Guy* (rising from his seat) answered. Truly Father, at this time of your Prescriptions there's no need, nor can your Art afford the least relief, no Gallen or Hypocrates themselves, were they alive and both here present, could not give me ease: 'tis my self must be my own Physician, or my Malady must reign for ever over me: There is a flower as I have lately heard of precious worth, growing in this Castle, the which could I once Pluck would ease me in a moment; at which the Doctor stood in admiration: wondering what flower he meant, why truly sir, said he, 'tis called Happy: Indeed (qd. the Doctor) Happiness is good: but as for a flower of that Name, in all my curious search I never found nor heard of: Pray sir, said *Guy* leave me, and I fear not but to find it out, for I am sure it grows within these Walls, at which the Doctor took his leave, and *Guy* ascended up the Castle stairs to view the prospect of the Gardens round, into which he had no sooner cast his Eye, but he beheld the beautiful Maid that was sole Empress of his heart, sitting alone in a shady Bower, to screen her from the Suns hot Rays, while before her the springing water of a Crystial Fountain played, and sent refreshment to each fragrant flower or lovely plant that crowned the happy place, resembling another Paradise, and she the first created woman: these *Guy* takes as happy Omens, & resolves to venture now for life or death, & thus invokes Deity to aid him in the great design. Oh propitious power, if ever, now prove kind in aiding thine humble suppliant, who in all obedience unto thy commands, pays his unspotted vows at thy great Altar, which ever blazes bright with flaming Hearts of Lovers, offered up as Trophies of thy power; assist me to court this famous Beauty, and teach me how to woe, and how to conquer her who has already conquered me. So saying, he descended with all speed, & coming to the Garden-gate, knocked softly, and soon found admittance, by one of the Damosels that waited on fair *Phœlice*, the which he no sooner had, but composing his War-like face into the best form he could, he made toward her with low reverence, who (expecting he came from her Father) rose up to meet him, when *Guy* with Love surcharged, thus began.

Fairest of Creatures, brightest of your Sex, made of such Kindred-mould to Heaven, that you seem Angelical, a Goddess all divine; therefore I have here brought an heart by Loves command, to offer at your shrine; O frown

not on me with disdainful Eyes, lest with such a look Death enter and destroy the man that ever shall admire, & with this awful distance adore your matchless Virtues; dispise me not, thou only center of my Soul, who Loves thee more than life, O that I could express my Boundless passion, or that thou couldst look into my Breast, and there behold how the tormenting flames still rould about my Heart, that with a constant Fever burns, in which the Arrows of your Pointed beauty stick; That Lords and Noblemen have courted you I am not Ignorant, but none could like me; pardon my boldness Lady, that to save my Life I sue with the same fear a guilty Prisoner beholds his angry Judge; for your Power's far greater when Life or Death depends upon your smiles or frowns.

To whom thus *Phalice* with majestick countenance replied: *Alas! Sir, Love is such a Childish Toy, I ne'r intend to try it, therefore cease your vain Suit, a Virgins happy Life shall be my choice for ever; Love is but a Dream, composed of idle Fancies, and that I should Wound you is impossible, or if such it could be, you then must blame your rash unadvised Folly, to attempt Things so far above your reach; could you imagine that the Heir of Warwick would e're condescend to Marry with one so far beneath in Birth, and in each Degree unfit, No; therefore I would advise you to desist this enterprize, lest it come unto my Father's Ear, and beget thee sharp rebuke.*

So saying, she ended, and *Guy* prepar'd to Answer, but she turned away disdainfully, and left him to himself, now hopeless, perplexed and tormented worse than ever.

*Curfing the cruel Stars that rul'd his birth,
And wishing now to be no more on Earth.*

CHAP. III.

How *Guy* being denyed fell distracted for a time, till *Cupid* representing him in a Warlike posture, and declaring what Wonders should be wrought by him to *Phalice* in her sleep, telling her it was his Mothers command that she should love him, whereupon she granted her consent upon condition of his performing glorious Enterprizes.

HAlf distracted with what had passed *Guy* retires to his Father's house, thinking to shake off the Chains of Love, or burst them by some other means; for like *Hercules's* poyson'd shirt, the more he strove, the more the venom worked, and the distemper followed him wheres ever he went, for which he finding no relief, grew frantick for a time, quite bereft of sense or reason, & to this purpose uttered his phrensies & run into disorder, far beyond *Orlando* or *Orestes*. *Am I then flighted (said he) who evermore will trust in Woman-kind? accursed cruel Love, couldst thou leave me thus? can she not Love, or*
Loves

Loves she some one else, which hinders her Love from passing unto me? O that I knew my Rival, my dread Arm should hurl such Vengeance on his Head, as shou'd amaze Mankind; I'd drag him round the World, o're Sea and Land, and hurl him into circling Fires, Plunge him into roaring Erebus, there to broyl in Brimstone Flames and Scorch'd for ever. O Jove! Jove! Ple to thy Courts and hollow loud; nay, I will thunder to your regardless Power, and make you Deaf with everlasting Crys, from the Suns bright Chariot snatch Ætherial Fire, set your Cœlestial Mansions in a blaze; melt down your golden Rols, and make your gates of Adamant fly from off your Diamond Hinges, Arm thy self with Lightning, and make roll'd Thunders roar around the World; Eacus, Mines, Rodamanthus, and all the black Infernal Powers; what have ye done: my Love she's lost, for ever gone: Sink, sink Earths Frame to thy first Chaos, and with thy ruine crush mankind: Drop, drop, ye Stars, and ever wakeful Tapers of the Skies, and let combustive Flames purge this grosser World, O she's gone, the Beauty's gone, now Night and darkness seize me, and eternal slumbers seal my Eyes.

Thus saying he groan'd and smote his breast, pull'd off his Hair, and in Distracted fort continu'd, till Phœlice being admonish'd by Cupid in a Dream, sent him more comfortable hopes of her ensuing favours.

When night had drawn her Curtain, and the World in silence sat, Each Mortal in sweet slumbers was reposed, Morpheus the Leaden god of sleep from his drowsie Cave, by Venus command, roused up his Visionary forms, the which in various shapes present themselves to men, and one of the Farys drest in Cupids wonted guise, with Bow and Quiver, armed presents it to the fancy of slumbering Phœlice, to whom the shade (being instructed) thus began.

Phœlice bebo'd, I from the Queen of Love my beaution Mother, come to Present unto thee this Martial Hero; and with that a shade all clad in Armour appeared, representing Guy, so to the Life, that she knew him at first, & startled in her sleep, which thus the wing'd form proceeded: This is the Man design'd for thee, whose War-like Deeds shall make the World amazed, and to such Fame shall soon arise, that Kings and Princes shall be Proud to court him, whilst the Terror of his Arm shall spread over most part of the Earth; a Friend to the distressed, and the Oppressors Foe; Fortune shall wait on him, and conquering Laurels shall be green upon his Brows, Dispise him not fair Virgin for want of wealth, it is the treasure of the mind that makes a Man truly great; for know: Beauty was first created free, ere Gold was known, or from the bowels of the Earth, was brought to light, and since it has been in estimation, it has Corrupted innocence, and vertue spoiled, therefore is not



to be despised in case of Love, that intellectual Essence and bright Jewel of the soul; then as the Powers above decree, take him for his manhood, and accomplished virtues, think him worthy of your love, even at the highest rate, for it is most assured he is so.

So said, the form and Cupid that was not wanting in the Enterprize, drew up his Bow charged with a golden shaft, and aimed directly at Phelice heart, the which he no sooner did, but swift as Lightning flew the singing Arrow through the yielding Air, and fixed its point direct, at which the start-ling Virgin awaked, and wondred to find a fire so quickly kindled in her breast; so that contemplating on the Vision, thus began to sigh out her passion.

Alas! and art thou gone thou winged power, what change is this I feel? I, that so late despised all Love, and laughed at Lovers pains, now feel a fever in my breast that will consume me if it get not vent; can it be Guy that I must

must love, my Fathers Stewards Son, that I denyed; must I now sue to him? perhaps he will dispise me for neglecting him, and Triumph over my Weakness: O Cupid, are thy Lams then so severe? Pardon my offence, and I'll hereafter grow more mild, and pitty Lovers in distress.

While she was thus struggling with her Flame, Guy having recovered his senses, resolved not to reeat like a Cow-heart, but rally once more, and try his Fortune, and after some search, having found her in her Chamber, he thus begins:

Most brautious, tho' severe, to you once more I have presumed to come, not as a Suitor now, but as a condemned Prisoner, desiring you to strike the fatal stroke, that can only set my soul at rest, for I have born my torture long enough; No! Tyrant Love, I can endure no more; therefore sweet Lady pitty a wounded Lover, if any pitty lodges in that fair Breast, strike deeper, yet at last prove kind and ease my pain. So saying, he sighed, and tears burst from his Warlike Eyes, not knowing that the powerful god of Love had mollified her heart, and made her sensible of his command, &c.

The which Phælice observing, began to blush, whilst in her fair Cheeks the Roses conquest over the Lillies gained, then fetching an undiscovered sigh, began as followeth: Alas! you ask what is not mine to grant; Know gentle Youth, I at my Fathers disposal am, nor without him dare I consent to ought, for should I now prove disobedient, who so long have been obedient to his just commands, what would the world of Phælice say? each tongue would wound my fame so deep, that nought but death could yield relief, nor should I so escape, for in the silent grave they would asperse me, and fix Reproach upon my Tomb. To Which thus answered Guy: Fair Lady, doubt not your Fathers free consent, for with this Arm I will so far purchase the good esteem of the Renowned Earl, that my matchless deeds, instead of gold, shall win his greatness to accept of me your humble slave for his obedient Son. So ended he, and she inflamed with love, yet willing to hide it for a time, began: Go then, and in fierce Arms your fame advance, court dreadful Battles while Victory crowns your head with her Triumphant Laurels, and when laden with the spoils of War, or great Atchievements you return, that I may safely yield without a stain to Honour, I shall be all your own, till then I shall remain in Virgin-state your constant Phælice for ever.

At which Guy over-joy'd, with humble thanks bowed low as Earth, and at last through the excess, his Language found a passage, while these words he utter'd: Bright Star, by whose divine influence my soul is guided and dispised; if feats of Arms, greatness in Battel gained, will please my Love, through Seas of blood I'll wade, climb to the highest Turret of Fames brazen
Tower

Tower, and from thence look down upon the Cowheart World, with Oh! for *Cæsar* now, or the dread Conqueror of the East, I feel new force, and on a sudden am grown more than man, i'm all on fire, till my great Task's begun, and for a time I willingly forgo thy beautiful Face, which ne'rtheless shall be forever stamped upon my Soul; my Love farewell, to Arms I must repair, for this sweet kiss that I imprint upon thy Coral Lips, i'll write thy name in Crimson characters, upon the breasts of Earths proud Champions, that when they see them they may think of thee.

Again farewell my Love, I must away,
To find the Coast where glory bairs to day.

C H A P. IV.

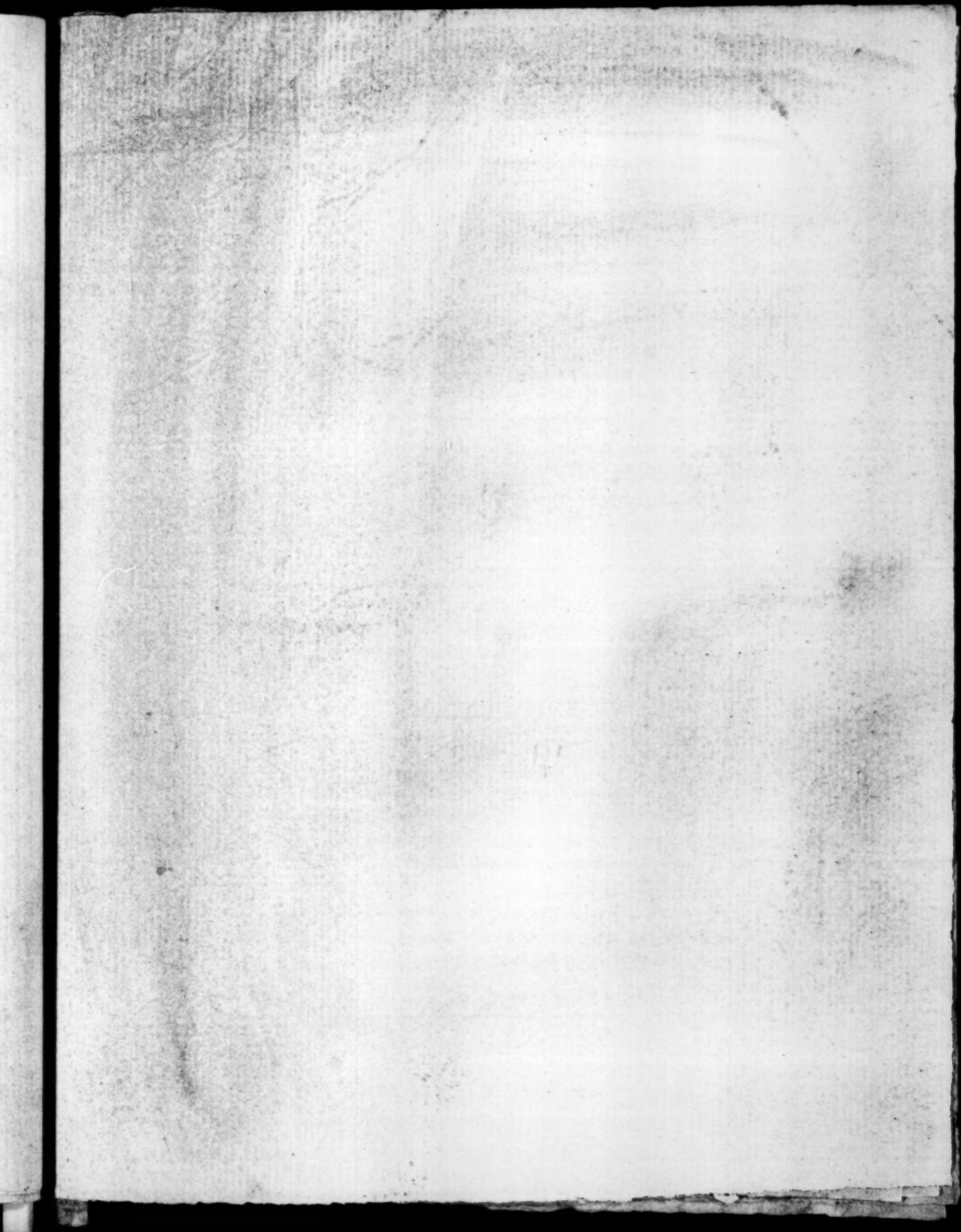
How Guy putting to Sea, Landed in Normandy, where he Fought with three Champions, killing two of them, and wounded the third. taking from them a Lady wrongfully condemned to dye, by the young DUKE of Bilois, who had ravish'd her.

NOW *Guy* having taken his leave of *Phelice* prepares for *France*, & imbarcking, set sail, with promise of quick arrival there, but no sooner was the Ship some ten Leagues off from shore, but the Winds began to blow hard from the *South-East*, and black Clouds overspread the face of Heaven, & loud Thunders from the Northern round began to roar, so that in short time a dreadful storm arose, while Lightning darted thick, and made the Sea seem all on fire, the waves enraged by the winds, mounted high, and seem'd to mix with pitchy Clouds, and bandied the Ship from side to side, so that they rode on furiously before the Gusts all that day, and all the following night, not so much as having the Prospect of Sun, Moon, or Star, but early the next morning, the Marriners from the Top mast-head descryed Land, to which (the Winds being somewhat abated,) they made, and about ten in the morning found it to be *Harflem* in *Normandy*, where they put in safe, after an hours continuance in the Port, *Guy* and the Captain of the Vessel went on shore to refresh themselves, where they had not long been, e're they heard loud shouts, and the noise of Drums and Trumpets, the which was most acceptable to *Guy*, for now he thought there was some Work for him in hand, whereupon he called his Host, and with countenance sad (which shew'd a sense of grief) told him that a beautiful young Lady of that place, *Dorinda* by name, having been lately ravished by one of the *Duke Bilois's* Sons, the which black Crime, because she accused him of, she was committed by the Duke his Father

for
n a
gun,
hall
air,
e in
then

orte
from
ois,

im-
ner
ow
, &
me
em
to
hey
ht,
the
to
the
fter
ent
ard
ac-
nd,
ense
me,
ack
Fa-
ther



A
L
T
a
r
t
(A
re
be
tr
So
bl
th
an
in
So
pl
pi
y
he
ice
o

At which Guy half o'recome with Love, a while stood mute, and had been surely conquered by her prevailing Eyes, had not his vows to *Phelice* made, come fresh into his mind, whereat he reassumed his manly vertue, and drove assailing passions headlong back, and after recollecting, thus he Answers;

Fair Lady, in whom is lively stamp't the Image of my Love, in thy fair Face my Phelice now appears, altho' my Sword has purchased thee with Wounds, yet all that I can do, is but to be your Servant, for know, my heart e're I beheld your Beauty, in England, was linked too fast for any separation, except by the Tyrant Death, that Enemy to Love: I have (said he) a beauteous Lady, not unlike to you; to whom my vows are passed, never to be recalled. I had not thought that Earth could have afforded such another, but in beholding your perfections I acknowledge my mistake; for her I roam the World about, to search where Mars's Tents are spread, in bloody Battles, and in Combats great and hazardous to venture all the stock of Life that Nature lent me, so that if through danger I can escape, her promised Love is the fair Laurel that must crown my toyl.

At which he ended, and the Princess fetching a deep sigh, thus began: I see (said she) that valour dwells not in thy breast alone, but thereby Vertue reigns, which makes thy worth the more; sure most happy must that Lady be to whom such vows are made, and your constancy appears so just and true; I shall not dare to break the sacredity of Oaths, that links your distant Souls, tho' I could wish——at which she stopt, and turning- sighed, while blushes dyed her Rosie Cheeks, and all the Lillies were quite put to flight; then turning again, she said, *Most honourable Man, here take these Jewels, and present her with from me, who must enjoy a bliss I dare not think upon, lest prevailing passion should too great a Conquest gain over my frailty.* So saying, she (after having received Guy's humble thanks) departed, the place not longer being able to surpress her love.

Guy, after leave taken of the Emperor, to whom he made his Love to *Phelice* known, and the cause of his undertaken-travels and hardships, was by the Emperors command accompanied to the Sea-side by all the Nobility of the Court, where imbarquing, he set sail for England, as now hoping *Phelice* would open her willing arms to receive the Hero that had bought her love so dear.

*Where Landing, he as swift as Eagles fly,
Speed to behold the Center of his Joy.*

CHAP. VII.

How Guy at his Arrival was received by Phœlice and all the Nobility. How he is sent forth again to seek new Adventures, but ere he goes, Kills a monstrous enchanted Cow upon Dunsmore-Heath, and is Knighted by the King, and many Favours bestowed upon him.



Phœlice having received the news of Guy's approach, and by the sound of Fame heard all the Warlike Deeds his hands had done, and the Chivalrous Exploits, (of which by this time England rung) she prepares to receive him.

him at so pleasing a rate as might become his Worth and Greatness, yet would man like resolving to stifle as much as possible her powerful passion, thereby to make him the more fond and eager in the chase of Beauty.

Guy now arrived at *Warwick* Castle, where he heard the price of all his coyl in dreadful Battle there remained, who at the inward gate (attended by her damsels) stood ready to receive him, whom Guy no sooner saw, but bowing low, he thus salutes.

Fair *Phelice*, from whom I have too long been absent, how thy bright face refreshes now my soul, and feasts my gazing Eyes with beauty transplendent, as when a long benighted Traveller surrounded with dark terrors, in a pathless maze, from the Orient Sky beholds the comfortable dawn of Light, which ushers in the Suns resurgent beams for to invest the drowsie World with day; for Madam, in the midst of War, when Death was raging round me, the thoughts of you inspired me with double force, and gave me victory in all attempts, so that finding no more to do, I am with Joy returned to claim the promise that you made, leaving the beauties that this sword in bloody Combates won; nor could the Emperor's Daughter (though divinely fair, and next your self Earths gem) intice my stay; her sighs had not the power to make me false, though through a Sea of Princely Blood I waded to obtain her, yet when obtained, I left her for your sake, and only took these pledges that you see for the recompence of hazards Run; then say my goddess, wilt thou now grant me a sweet repose in that loved Bosome? shall I rest from bloody *Mars's* toyles, and court bright *Venus* in thy fairer Arms; spake for I would gladly know.

To whom *Phelice* bustling reply'd:

Most honourable Man, of thy great great Exploits I am no ways Ignorant, Fame came before and told them, ere you came, I heard what a havoc you have made, and what great prizes you have won; but yet methinks those Beauties should have been esteemed more by you than to be left for such trifles; but I know your answer will be, you did it for my sake; 'tis sure it was so, I believe as much, and will reward your constancy with Love, a Love as boundless as the Ocean, and chaste as those bright Fires that shine by Night, but to be plain, I will unfold a secret Vision that to me appeared, when I was cruel and returned disdain for love; in the midst of slumber, Cupid from his Chrystial Mansion did ascend, presenting to my view a Martial HERO, much resembling your self, commanding me to Love you for your great Renown, and matchless might, saying, the terror of the Nations shall be be famed to all posterity, Kings shall be proud to court him, and great Monarchs tremble at his frown; so saying, he let fly from his bended Bow a glittering shaft;

that fired in my breast, at which awaking, I found the kindled Flame Burn bright; but though I love thee dear, yet for my Honours sake, must not consent to wed, till thy victorious Brow be wreathed with more Laurels, and when thou shalt return once more Triumphant, then is Phœlice thine, and toylsome War shall cease.

Then said Guy, I must not yet discharge my servant Death, he must again with me, while from the terrour of this Arm each mortal flies, and Armies fall before me like Autumnal Leaves, when the toling Branches are assailed by gussy Winds; come my bright goddess, as I stand within these Walls of Steel, incircle me in thy fair Arms, and cheer my soul with one soft kiss, and ere I do return, I'll send my Trophies home by Fame; thy longing Ears shall hear of such great Actions done, as shall make thee conclude thy servant worthy of thy Love. Be constant, fairest of Creatures, and think upon thy faithful Guy, who in the midst of Arms and Death, will never fail to think on thee, that so at my return Hymenial Joys and the possession of thy lovely Bed shall crown my distant toyl in War, now look to it ye Champions of the World, Princes and Potentates, for Guy once more must wander o're the Globe to seek Adventure out.

So saying, he kissed her, and departed to take his leave of the most Noble Earl, whilst she with eyes brimfull of Tears withdrew to her retirement, often accusing her self for pushing him forwards on such hazardous designs, and yet ambitious of his gaining Honour, and so between willing and unwilling, she left him to his fortunate Adventures.

Whilst Guy unto Earl Robands goes, who received him with more Joy than can be well expressed, and orders a Feast to be made in Honour of his new-come Guest, inviting most of the Gentry thereabouts, who hearing of Guy's Arrival in England, and that he was to be present there, they came gladly, as being much desirous to see him after so many great Exploits; the Entertainment was sumptuous, being accomodated with all manner of Musick, and what else had power for to delight the senses.

Which ended, Guy following the Earl into his retirement, told him that he came to take his leave of his Honour, and that he had made a vow to Heaven, the which he durst not violate; once more to try his Fortune in Countrys abroad, because this my Native Land affords no great exploits worthy to be Registered by Fame. Thus he said, but would not make the Earl acquainted with his Love, nor that his Daughter had enjoyed the Enterprizes he designed to make, who endeavour'd all he could to perswade him to the contrary, laying before him the many hazards that must needs attend, and what dire Mishaps in such daring attempts must needs befall; at which Guy no ways daunted

daunted, was the more earnest to depart, saying, he could not confine himself to ease, but for the Honour of his Country would spend some Days in War, & try the various moods of Fortune and Fate, to learn for to contemn them both, and that his mind still prompted him to great designs, the God of Battles at his Nativity being Lord of the Ascendant.

The Earl seeing his perswasions could no ways work on him to stay, dismissed him, upon promise at his return he would abroad no more, but live at home with him; Guy's Father and Mother bathed in Tears, likewise besought his stay, but all in vain, for nothing but dread Arms and sounds of War were pleasing to his Ears. All things being in readiness for his departure, he imbarqued for France again, to seek out new Adventures, nothing fearing tho' he knew that he had many there who would (if possible) by strength or fraud surprize his Life. But before the Master of the Vessel could get clear of the Lands end, the Wind turn'd about, and rising somewhat strong, forced them back into the Harbour, where they lay unknown to the People of the place who they were; then was Guy's Vessel Wind bound six days, in which space Fame had noised thro' every corner of the Land, how that a dreadful & Monstrous Beast, formed by Mageck Skill into the likeness of a Cow, or rather a Cow of vast bulk possessed by some tempestuous Spirit, did terrifie the Neighbouring Plains, destroying the Cattle round about, and putting all their Keepers unto flight, being so strong and swift in motion, that it was thought no humane force could have destroyed it; the monstrous description of her as followeth, is affirmed by Authors of great integrity and worth; that she was four yards in height, six in length, and had an head proportionable, armed with two sharp horns growing direct, with Eyes all red and fiery, which seemed to dart Lightning from afar, she being of a Dun colour, from whence she was named the Dun Cow, and the place, not many Miles distant from Warwick, where she haunted, from that Monster took the name of *Dunsmore* Heath, which Name it keeps unto this day.

Upon the notice the King had at York, (where he then was) of the havoc & slaughter this Beast had made, he offered Knighthood & several other gifts of great worth to any that would venture his Life in that encounter, but the terrour of her fierceness had spread it self in such a dreadful shape, that none durst undertake the Enterprize, but each one wishing for Guy, whom all supposed by this time in France.

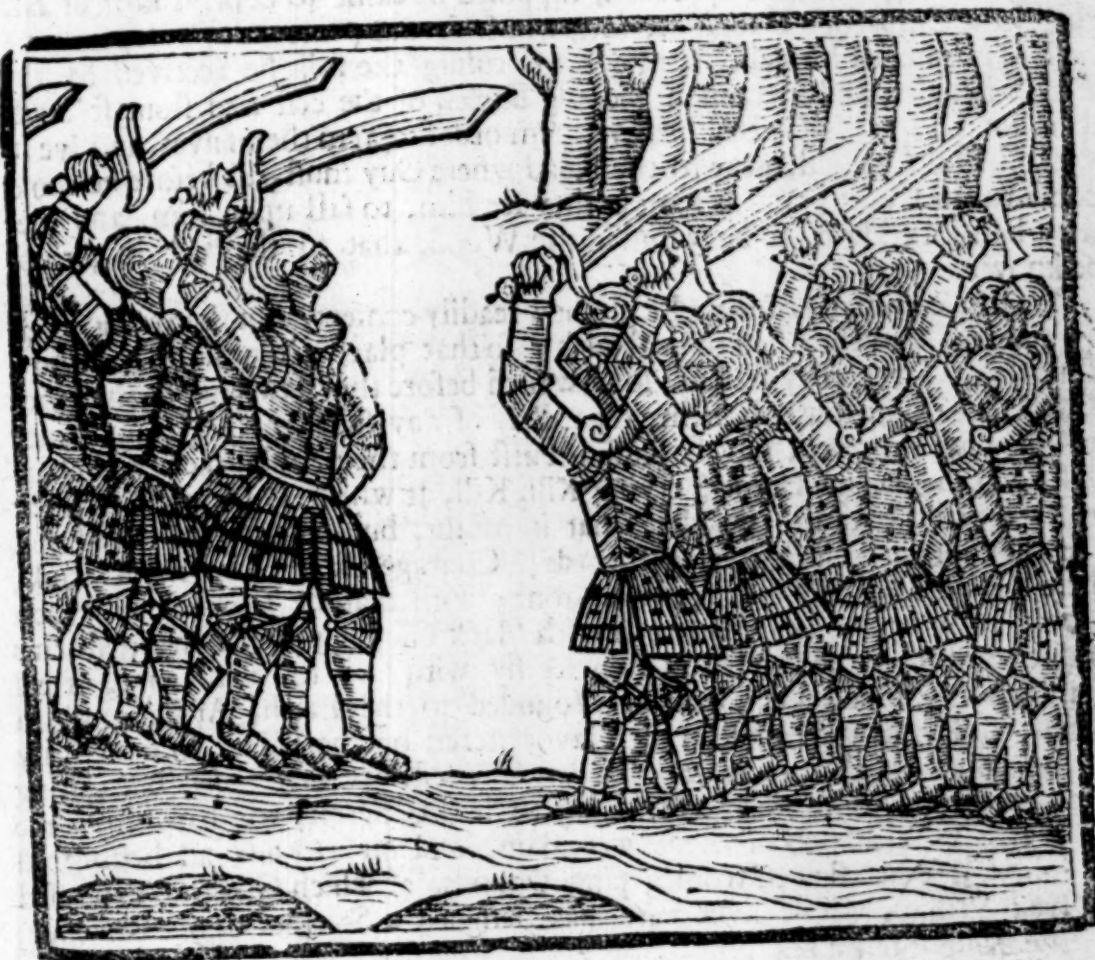
Glad of this opportunity, he leaves the Ship, and having changed his Armour to avoid being known, he takes a strong Battle-Ax, his Bow and Quiver with him, and so Incognito riding to the place where this Monster used to lodge, which was among a great Thicket of Trees that grew upon the

the Plain, near to a Pool or standing water, finding as he had passed along all the Shepherds Cottages deserted, and the Carcasses of Men and Beasts lye scattered round about; he no sooner came within Bow-shot of the place, but the Monster espyed him, and putting out her head through the Thicket, with dreadful eyes glared on him, and began to roar horribly, at which Guy, who was one of the expertest Archers England then had, bent his Bow of Steel, and drawing an Arrow to the head, let fly, the which as swift as Lightning striking on the Monsters hide, rebounded as from a Wall of Adamant, not making the least impression, at which, whilst Guy was wondering, out she came with speed as seemed rather through the Air then on the Earth, and at him aimed directly her sharp-pointed Horns, which he observing, lifted his Ax on high, and smote her and on the front with such a blow, as made her to recoil; at which she more enraged came on again, and clapping her horns upon his breast, dented his high-proofed Armour ere he could avoid her, but wheeling his warlike Horse unto the right, he met her again, and with a redoubled stroke gave her a wound under the ear, which was the only place she was sensible of being wounded in, whereat she roared aloud and stamped the ground. Guy perceiving she was mortal, followed that stroke with another no less forcible, at which she fell to the ground, and Guy alighting, hewed upon her so long, that through her impenetrable skin he battered her skull, till with an horrid groan she there expired, where leaving her sweltered in a stream of blood, he rode to the next inhabited Villiage, where he made known the Monsters death to the unspeakable Joy of all that heard it, the poor People honouring him with presents and thanks more than can here be told, thousands from all parts flocking to behold that Monster dead, whom alive they so much feared. Long it was not ere the King had Notice of it, who sent for Guy to York, where he no sooner arrived, but the King embraced him in his Arms, and after a splendid entertainment, he gave him the order of Knighthood, with many other rich Gifts, causing one of the Ribs of the said Monster to be hanged up in Warwick-Castle, of which more hereafter, for now we must leave England and follow Guy into France.

Where he such Deeds in Arms did soon atchieve,
That they may stagger 'most for to believe.

CHAP: VIII.

How Guy, Herauld, and two other Knights were set upon by Sixteen Villians that lay in wait for him in a Wood, whom he destroyed, they first having killed two of his Knights: afterwards assisting the Duke of Lovain, who was besieged by the Duke of Lorain; he routed Lorains Armies with a great slaughter, and afterwards confirms a Peace between them.



GUY having with much ado got leave of the King to depart the Court secretly took Ship again, without the knowledge of Earl Robands or his
 Beare

beautious Mistress (who now doubtless would have been contented to have opened her willing Arms) so that with three Knights more, viz. Sir *Herauld*, Sir *Edfrid*, and Sir *Martis*, who had entred into strictest Friendship with him, vowing to Live and Dye in adventuring for his sake; he Landed, after two days Sail, in *France*, where in search of Warlike Business they crossed the Country, but finding no Enterprizes worthy of their Swords, they bent towards the Emperors Court, where Guy doubted not but to employ his arm and gain the Fame he thirsted for, but the great Duke of *Tuskany*, *Orton* by name, hearing of Guy's approach, supposed he came to deprive him of fair *Blanch* the Emperor's Daughter, into whose favour (since Guy's deparrure) he had insinuated himself, many ways excusing the foils he received by the *English* Knight, and thereupon picking sixteen of the best and stoutest Souldiers he had in his Castle, he gave them order to arm themselves, and lye in Ambush in the Wood, near to the Road where Guy must pass before he could come to the Court; and as soon as they see him, to fall upon him, and after they had killed him, to bury him in the Wood, that so the Fact might not be known.

To this command of their Lord they readily consent, not knowing what manner of Man they had to deal with; so that placing themselves behind a Thicket of Trees, they had not long waited before they saw Guy & the other three came riding towards them, regardless of any such treachery, no sooner was they within reach, but the Ruffins burst from their Ambuscade, and charged upon the *English* Heroes, crying Kill, Kill, at which Guy and his three trusty Knights began to wonder what it meant, but long they wondred not, ere they drew their glittering Swords; Courage (said Guy) my Friends, these Villians shall pay dear for this affront; with that he frowned with such a look, as when the Sky's over-cast with black Clouds pretend dread storms and tempest thro' the Air, and then let fly with such force and rage, as all that his Sword touched fell Slain or Wounded to the Earth, Armour all in pieces, cut Helms and Helmed Heads lay scattered on the place, so dreadfully he layed about, that in short space ten of them lay breathless; but casting round his eyes, he saw the remaining six had so fiercely combated his three Companions, that two of them were slain, and Sir *Herauld* all besmeared with blood, which flowed from gaping wounds, at which Guy thus expressed his Ire: Villians whose lives Fate has designed a Sacrifice to my Revenge, let the Knight rest and Combate me; What do my Eyes behold! two of my dear Friends who left their Native Land for to accompany me) silenced by Death, and the third, more dear than they, mortally wounded; This Villains is the last vile act your hands shall ever do; with that he charged upon them

them with such force, as far exceeded Hercules when he the Centaures slew, and in short space cut five of them in pieces, the sixth upon his knees begged Life, and did confess who had imployed them, and to what intent, whereupon Guy with-held his dreadful Arm, but it was too late, for the miserable man only lived to tell the treachery, and dyed through his excessive wounds; after which Guy not unmindful of his murdered and wounded Knights, went to an Hermits Cave not far distance thence, and gave him order for to bury the two slain, and to take in Herald into his charge and care, laying a grievous curse upon him if he medled with the rest, and so departed (after leave taken) through the solitary Grove, bewailling much the loss of his dear Friends, yet not declining Honours search, no sooner had he passed the thick shades, but from a rising Hill he beheld a fair and goodly City, before which on a Plain were many armed Knights assembled, to just at Tilt and Turnament, the which somewhat revived his Spirits, as well hoping to find Duke Otton there, and so revenge on him the treachery, but he was not at that time so fortunate; for the Duke, by his Scouts having notice of the Death of his men, and that Guy was approaching, he feigned a sudden sickness, and so withdrew from Court, Guy being arrived, thrust in among the thickest Ranks to seek the man he so much longed to combat with, but not finding him, he challenged all there present, and after having foiled the best that durst encounter him, and won the Prize, he departed with great applause to the Duke of Millian's Court, where no sooner he arrived, but the Duke embraced him in his Arms, and prepared a sumptuous entertainment for him.

Long he had not rested there, before he understood that the Duke of Lovain, to whom Guy had sworn friendship, was besieged by Lorains power; whereupon Guy taking leave, hastened to help his Friend. As he was riding over a Moory Plain, he met a Pilgrim, as he supposed, all clad in gray, who seemed faint with travel, whom he kindly saluted, and intreats for to acquaint him with some News. News said the Pilgrim, and with that he fetched a sigh:) Alas Sir, it is a thing I am now no ways conversant with, but have renounced the World and all its business, since I have lost my dearest Friend, and on his search have travelled, and must travel with many weary steps, for till I find him my Soul can take no rest. I pity thee said Guy, but pray be so kind as to declare the man, perhaps I may inform you, for 'tis sure that I should know that voice. Alas! (said he) it is a Man renowned in Arms, through all the spacious world, one for whose sake I left my Native-Land, and one who saved my life from cruel Foes. With that Guy understood that it was Herald, nor could he conceal him self, but pulling up his Vizage, discovered his Face, and immediately alighting, embraced him whilst he wept for

E

Joy,

Joy expressing these words: And has kind Heaven been so propitious as to restore thy Life, whom I supposed Dead? behold me Herauld, I am he you sought, henceforth let cares be vanished from this Breast: my only Request is now to know how your wounds were cured. To whom thus Herauld replied with Eyes over-flowed with Tears of Joy; Oh, how can it be, am I thus unlooked for made so happy! then know, worthy Guy, the Hermit with whom you left me in charge, after having conducted me faint as I was to his Cave, poured Balsoms into my Wounds, and with sovereign Cordials refreshed my fainting Spirits.

So that after some continuance in his Cave, I gathered strength, but could not be contented in my mind for loss of you; which restlessness the good old Hermit perceiving, was very inquisitive to know the cause, which I as freely declared, upon which he delivered me this Gown to cover my Armor, that so I might the more securely travel in thy search, the which has now happily been successful. So spake Herauld, and Guy with Joy again embraced him, and thanked him for his Love and Friendship, causing him to mount behind him; and so they rode, discoursing of their various adventures, till they came to the beleaguered City, and breaking through the Hostil ranks of Foes came to the City Gate, where they soon found enterance; the Duke no sooner hearing that Guy was come unto his aid, but he came and humbly saluted him, bidding him ten thousand welcomes, and each drooping Souldier was revived at his Name, crying Lead on, Lead on, and let us fall out and charge the Foe: The Duke laying hold on this Opportunity, thought it not convenient to let their Courages cool, gave order to his Commanders to prepare for the Battle, and that on pain of Death they should be obedient unto whatsoever Guy should think fit; this being done, the Gates were opened and the Souldiers (with such a shout that echoed through the Skies) issued out, and charged the Foe with such bravery and courage, that they with much slaughter forced them to Retreat, broken and in great confusion; Guy and Herauld pursuing them even to their Camp, cutting their way through armed Squadrons, and putting them to the rout far and near, whilst all the blushing Plains lay strewed with dead and dying men, so that Guy, in compassion to Christians lives, did spare the Sword, and stayed the Souldiers fury making slaughter cease.

This overthrow vexed the Duke of Lorain, so fore, that he immediately vowed revenge, giving order that all the Millicia of his Dukedom should immediately march to recrate his broken Army, so that within ten days he layed Siege again, with thirty thousand Horse and Foot, vowing not to leave the City till they had layed it as low as the Earth, and thereupon began it with

his Souldiers round, resolving so by cutting off Communication, to force it to a surrender, for want of Provision, but the Stratagem prevailed not: For Guy and the Duke from the Walls observing their intention, the better to discourage them in that point, like Manlius the Roman General, when besieged by the Gallifenes, in the Capital, gave Order to throw provision in abundance down, telling the Enemy, that if they wanted more, upon Request they might be furnished, for said Guy, I would not starve my Foe, lest when overthrown in Battle, he should excuse his weakness, for want of Food, but now you have provision, feast your selves, that I may find you more resolute in War than heretofore I have done, for e're the Sun descends into the Western Ocean, dreadful Slaughter again shall rage through all the bloody field. This said, he gave Order to his Souldiers for to Arm, while Drums and Trumpets rowled their drousic Courages; then leading forth ten thousand of the most expertest in three bands, the first commanded by himself, the second by the Duke, and third by Herauld; the two first, each consisting of three thousand Foot, and one thousand Horse, and the last of two thousand foot only.

With these embattling Forces, Guy marching in the Van, charged the Germans in the Front, and with his Sword cut a passage for his Squadrons through their pointed Ranks, that shivered Spears flew round his Head like Hail; while this was doing, the Duke and Herauld charged on the Right, and the left of the Enemy with such courage and bravery, that the Germans finding themselves assaulted on all sides, endeavoured to fly, and had left their Duke to shift for his safety amidst his Foes, had not pure shame restrained: Guy observing how they fell into disorder, and began to shrink together, pressed them the more, and having made a wide gap with infinite slaughter of his Foes, at last came where the Duke of Lorain fought, who no sooner beheld (all besmeared with blood, and) what havock he had made, but by retreating amongst his own Squadrons of Horse, he thought fit to avoid his fury, and finding shortly after that the Battle went against him, he caused a Retreat to be sounded, so that in much confusion he with-drew, leaving about ten thousand of his Men dead upon the place; whilst Guy and the Lovonians charg'd upon the flying remains, till they filled the Ditches and Fields with the Slain, and wounded even till Guy out of compassion stayed the Souldiers from pursuing, and with the spoyle of the Enemies Camp marched back in Triumph to the town, where Guy was received under a Canopy, and a Trophy raised in memory of his matchless Valour, and their chief deliverer.

After the Ceremonies were over - past, Guy taking the Duke into private retirement, demanded of him, that if after this Victory he would make a League of amity with Lorain, to which he joyfully replied, he was content:

Why then, said Guy, I shall be more proud to Establish a firm friendship between two such Potentates, than innumerable Victories, for I hold it not convenient for Christians to War with Christians, and waste each other to glut the Jaws of slaughter; but that we rather unite our Forces to bend our Arms against the raging Infidels, who now Tyrannize over the Eastern World, late by Usurpation taken from the Roman Empire: Sir, reply'd the Duke, if you will favour me so far as to conclude this friendly League, what ever you shall propose, I willingly will sign unto. Guy thanked the Duke, and with a thousand Armed men marched towards the Hill where the Lovainians broken Forces lay encamped, or rather scattered, and no sooner coming to the Foot of the said Hill, but he sounded a Parley; at which the Duke sent down his Lieutenant General to know the cause; to whom Guy made known his undertaking, and withal desired a Personal Treaty with the Duke, giving him to understand who he was; this being no sooner known, but the Duke mounted, and attended by some of his choice Commanders, came riding down towards the Plain, the which Guy no sooner perceiving, but giving order to his Men to stand in Battle array, he set Spurs to his Horse, and hastened to meet him, and in the midway they alighting, embraced each other, after which Guy thus began.

Great Prince, against whom in our Defence we fought, and Heavens favouring the righteous cause, commanded Victory to attend us, which has adorned our conquering Arms with Spoils, yet forgetting and laying aside all farther enmity or quarrels, I from Lovains great Duke here bring you terms of peace; for why should Christians War, and Christians Arms shed Christians Blood? then let it be no longer so, great Sir, embrace our offered friendship, and no more let us be Foes; we impose no difficulties as Conquerors use, but desire for to embrace with equal Arms: What though your Nephew was by accident slain, as the Duke himself confesses much against his will, which was the cause begat this War; your Highness must forget it; nay, moreover when you consider that thirty Thousand Lives have made sufficient Attonement to his silent Ghost: Let us henceforth War against the Pagan powers, to drive them back to their distant Asia, and rid Europe of such a curb. So said Heroick Guy, to whom the Duke replied.

Most honoured Man, whose force in Arms no mortal can resist, though I am much grieved for my Nephews death, by Segwins hand bereaved of Life, and much more for these shameful over throws, yet at thy request it shall be Peace, and henceforth horrid War in Jants Temple shall be locked up fast, while bound in chains on Impious Arms she sits complaining, with an hundred bloody mouths: Go worthy English man, go tell my Brother, for now
enmity

enmity is banished, that's the Name that a Royal Tent shall on this plain be pitched, in which an everlasting peace shall be concluded for thy sake.

Upon which Guy thanked the Duke, and returning to the City, declared to Segwin what had passed, who embraced Guy, and payed his labour with rich presents and a thousand thanks, and then issuing out in pompous Attire, attended by all his Nobles, Guy being placed in his Chariot on the right, and Herald on his left, they drove to the Tent or Pavilion of state, where Sigbert Duke of Lorain in splended Equipage attend their coming, where alighting, they embraced each other with such fervancy, as if enmity had been a stranger to them, and sumptuously feasted each other for the space of six days, so that the Noise of War was turned into Joy and Delight, caused by all manner of Noble Pastime, and at last Friendship so prevailed, that at the earnest request of Guy, Duke Sigbert of Lorain gave Segwin Duke of Lovian his eldest Daughter fair Nirinda in Marriage, which doubtly crowned the Joy on all sides, the which being somewhat abated, Guy impatient of ease, requested forces of the two Dukes, to go against the Sarazens, who had then broke in upon the Greek Empire and laid great part of it waste, to which motion they were very unwilling to condescend, desiring him out of all love to stay with them, and not to hazard himself in such dangerous Enterprizes; but they finding him to persist in his resolution, and that they in vain perswaded him to the contrary, intreated him to draw out what Forces he thought sufficient, and that they would furnish him with all things convenient for the War, at which Grant, Guy returned them thanks, assuring that he would so employ them to the Honour of Christendom, that after Ages should wonder at their prowess: and thereupon he selected two thousand of the choicest Souldiers present, one of Lorainians, and the other of the Lovanians, who were willinger to go under his command than can be imagined; so he having embarked them upon ten ships of War, took his leave of the two Dukes, with promise to visit them at his return, and bring them such Trophies as the fortune of War should deal him, whereupon they accompanied him to the shore, and departed not thence till his ships were quite sailed out of sight

So much he honour'd was where e're he came,
And lookt upon as the eldest Son of Fame.

C H A P. IX.

How Guy being furnished with two Thousand Men, and ten ships of War, marched to the Relief of Bizantium, then besieged by the Turks and Sarazens, and being scattered from the rest of his Fleet, is set upon by three Pyrates, two of which he destroys, and forced the third to fly; Relieves the City, kills many of the Pagan Champions; and in his Return fights with a fiery Dragon and kills him.

AFTER a Months sailing, Guy having coasted Italy, and entred far into the Mediterenian Sea, where by a Levant wind being separated above two Leagues from the rest of his Fleet, he was set upon by three Turks men of War, belonging to Salle, who supposing him a Prize, and that his Ship was filled with rich Merchandise, came boldly up and endeavoured to board him, which Guy perceiving, smiled disdainfully, and with many Heroick expressions encouraging his Men, he drew his flaming Sword, so dreadfully known in War, and charged upon the assailing Infidels with such fury that all he reached glutted the gaping Jaws of death, cutting their shrouds, tackle, and all other Engins in pieces like a twine thread, whilst Herauld and the rest were not idle on the other side, for having prepared Pitch, Hemp, Tar, and Rosin, they set it on Fire, and with a certain Engine threw it into the Turks Ship that engaged them, on that side, (a stratagem till then unknown) which catching hold on the Decks, Masts, and Rigging, blazed into an horrid flame, which seemed to curdle amongst the Clouds, the which they being no way able to extinguish, with a Dreadful cry forsook the Burning Rhizes, and leaped into the Ocean, where many of them perished; which the other two ships seeing, hoisted up all their Sails, and endeavoured to flye; which one of them effected; but Guy having close graped with the other, leaped on board her, and there made such slaughter, that all the Decks were
cover'd



covered with the slain, which so amazed the Turks, that they cryed aloud to Mahomet to come and save them from the Devils that fought against them, but their Prayers were in vain, till Guy out of Compassion spared their lives, and putting forty of his men on board, sent them with the remaining Prisoners to his Friend the Duke, as the first fruits of his Atchievements; no sooner was this engagement ended, but all his ships came up with him, who by reason of a Fogg mistook their way, so that Night coming on, Guy commanded them to stand off to the South-East, and sail gently till morning

ing, for fear of running foul upon the Rocks that are too frequent in those parts hid under Water, near to the shores, &c.

No sooner the ensuing morning had the Sun sent forth his Orient beams, but from his Deck Guy viewed the Coast, and from afar beheld a City besieged, and heard the murmur of their shouts to volly through the Air, much like the sound of Thunder almost spent; whereupon he ordered his Pilot to fathom for the next convenient Landing Place; which being found, he put in, and sent Sir Herauld with two more Captains, to understand if possible who the besieged and the besiegers were, which message they as willingly undertook, and after about five hours stay, return'd with this following Account, which they learnt from a stragling Turk, who they also brought with them as their Prisoner, That it was Bizantium, made famous by the Honours done to it by Constantine the great, and late the Metropolitan City of the Greek Empire, and that the Souldan of Babilon with thirty thousand Men layed Siege against it, his Forces for the most part consisting of Turks and Sarazens, and that the Siege had continued with much slaughter on both sides for the space of three months, the City being defended by a number of Christians, under the command of Albertus a noble Saxon.

This

This was not a little pleasing to Guy, who had now met with a fair opportunity of making his valour known, so that immediately he sent *Herauld* and one *K.* more to the Lord *Albertus*, to acquaint him, that he lay in the Port with two thousand Christians under his command, and that if he would in the evening open the Gates that looked to the Sea-ward, he would fight his way thro' the foes and enter the City; *Herauld* and the other Knight undertake the Embassy, and in Turks habit, having got the Watch-word of the Prisoners, they passed the Guards, and being come to the gate knocked aloud, and no sooner declaring that their message was to *Albertus*, but the Porter opening the Wicket gave them entrance, when strait they were conducted to the Castle where the General and his chief commanders were assembled in a Council of War, to whom after reverence done, they made known the cause of their coming; at the first mention of which *Albertus*, and the rest were somewhat doubtful lest it might be some treacherous design to win the Town, but when their Letter of credence under Guy's hand and Seal were produced, they stood no longer pausing, but treated them with all imaginable kindness, saying, that they would not onlie open the gate at the hour appointed, but likewise at the same time sallie out upon the foe to make his entrance more easie, and so dismissed them with many expressions of joy: the time being come, Guy landed his men as silently as possible, and drawing them up in Battalia upon the shore, gave order to those that remained in the ships to stand off to Sea, till he signified to them his farther pleasure by an appointed sign, which accordingly being done, he marched towards the City, but e'er he could gain entrance, the Enemy took the Alarm, so that arm, arm, they cryed thro' out, they came and drew up from every quarter, which Guy perceiving held it no time to dally, but heartning his Souldiers, with telling them the uprightness of their sacred cause, he bid them sound a charge, ordering his Men to keep together in a Body, he draws his Sword, which by Moon light reflected like a Comet in the Air, the rest soon imitated him, and giving a great shout, the which was answered from the Town, they fell upon the foes with such undaunted fury, that they bore down all before them, whilst Legs, Heads, broken Arms, and mangled shirts, of Mail bestrewed the Crimson plain, Guy enforcing himself with redoubled strength the better to give his followers encouragement, had made such slaughter where he fought, that the slain like ramparts hemmed him in; the dispute continued exceeding sharp for the space of two hours, so that what were slain by Guy and the fifteen hundred men he brought on shore with him (the rest being left to Man the ships) and by three thousand who at the same instant sallied from the town

and charged them in the Rear, there perished of the *Mahometans* no less than forty thousand, so that finding themselves worsted on all sides, they in much disorder and confusion retreated to their Camp, the which when the Souldan heard, he vowed revenge, and gave orders for assaulting the City, as soon as day appeared, it being then night, *Guy* suffered their retreat, as not thinking it convenient to pursue them, he with his Souldiers entered the Town, and were most joyfully received, and the Men hurt lookt to with all dilligence, *Albertus* embracing *Guy*, conducted him to his own Lodging, and there feasted him as well as the place could afford, and ordered the same should be done to all his Souldiers, passing away most part of the night in various discourses concerning the Affairs of the War, and what had happened since the first beginning of the siege.

Next morning as soon as day-light appeared, the Souldan commanded the Captain of his Army to prepare for the Assault, ordering the Drums to beat, and the Trumpets to sound, at which the Pagans gave such a shout as made the Hills resound the Echo back, which roused *Guy* from his slumber, who starting up, instantly ascended the Tower, and from thence beheld an innumerable host of Infidels marching towards the Walls with scaling Engines; whereupon he gave order to *Herauld* to get his men in readiness, who carefully obey'd his command, then turning to *Albertus*, he said, Sir, it behoves us this day for the honour of Christendom to make a brave defence; in my opinion 'tis most fit to meet those daring incroachers on your plain, and there to give them battle e'er they can reach our Walls, so that may be a means to check their pride, Victory has stood for us you see already, which will much animate our Souldiers on, and discourage our Foes, and let me tell you she never turn'd against me yet, nor failed to perch upon my Arms and favour me in all my bold attempts, follow *Guy* and fear not but *Guy's* fortunes will attend you: so said the Warlike Hero of whose high courage *Albertus* much approved, rendering thanks to Heaven for sending such a Champion to defend the town, long they paused not, because the Enemy was at hand, but flinging open the Gate, sallied out with twelve thousand men at Arms to meet them according as *Guy* had proposed, he with his Germans marching in the front, his great Standerd being a Lyon Rampant; no sooner the Enemy beheld them to march towards them, who not the least expected any such thing, but they made a halt, and throwing down their scaling Engines, put themselves in Battalia, the which *Guy* perceiving gave order to his Archers that were in the front to begin the Battle, who drawing their bows, sent a shower of Arrows amongst them, which galled the Turkish Horse, and forced them into disorder, whereupon *Guy* and

and *Herauld* broke into the main body, and killing or wounding all that opposed them, began a dreadful fight, so that the Germans following close after them, still pressed them to the right and the left with shot of Arrows, the which struck no small terror to the infidels, the Bizantines under the command of *Albertus* imitating them, in a short time put the Enemies left wing to the Rout, whilst *Guy* fought in the main body, hewing his bloody way whilst death marked his Eyes, and wheresoe're they aimed he slew, nothing but rout and run inclosed him round, whilst heaps of Slain lay like a Wall on either hand, fighting on until he came unto the Squadron that was led by *Colbron* Lieutenant General of the Horse, he being newly come to the Battle began to wonder when he saw what havock *Guy* had made, and how his Arms were all besmeered with blood, and staring with broad and fiery eyes, he vowed revenge, swearing to sacrifice *Guy's* life unto his Pagan gods, this Monster of a man being ten foot high and seven in circuit, having a mighty spear, and such a sword as no man in the Pagan Army (himself excepted) could undertake to wield, so that pressing forwards confronted *Guy*, crying aloud, *Vile Christian most odious to my sight, hold thy murdering hand, and let us two each others weapon try, for e're we part I mean to sacrifice thee to the ghost of my dear Friends whom thou hast slain*, at which *Guy* fixing his eyes upon him smiled, saying, *Thou art the only man I long have sought, therefore let us lose no time.*

With that they charged upon each other with such fury, that from rattling Armour the blows like thunder eccho'd, whilst either side sent shouts up to the Skies, *Guy* having born the brunt of the battle all that day, the Pagans doubted not but that their Champion would prevail, by reason of his monstrous size and strength, having been often tryed in dreadful Combates, but they were mistaken, for *Guy* redoubling his strength, cut thro' his high proved Armour, making such wide wounds, that made him roar like the enraged Sea, when bounding from a hollow Rock, and endeavours to retire, but *Guy* pursuing him with one full stroak, cut through his Helm so deep into his head, that down he fell in deaths Convulsions on the crimson Earth.

At this the Pagans all amazed shrunk together, till *Elmadant* a fierce Sarazen charging foremost encountred *Herauld*, who fought on the left, but long they had not engaged e're he followed his Giantick Brother to the shades beneath.

Morgadner another Collonel, monstrous for size, desperately engaged with *Guy*, having in his hand a battle Axe, which weighed about one hundred weight, with which he slew several of *Guy's* men before he could come on that side where *Guy* fought, but *Guy* no sooner encountred him, but with his sword,

cut off his right Arm, when falling down, and the loss of blood he was trodden to death among the croud, being unable to relieve himself; Thus the Battle going against them, the Pagans on all sides fled, nor could the Souldan or his General possibly stay then, being pursued by Guy & the *Brizantines* the slain fell down by the way, to the Number of twenty thousand, such havock made they of those Infidels, at which the Souldan storming and cursing his gods, gave order to recollect his broken Troops, to hazard once more the chance of War, & begin the Battle, but all in vain; for the Soldiers dreading Guy far worse than death, were fled into the Woods and marshy Grounds without regard to their Commanders, at which the Souldan was so much enraged, that whilst Guy was taking the spoil, he sent a Challenge to him; demanding single combats, with him, to end the business of the War; which message Guy most joyfully received; and all things being in readiness, they met with such fury, as made the Earth quake, the Souldan being enraged by despair, and Guy courageous for the Honour of *Christendom* laid on him such irresistible blows, as made his gilded Armour fly like Glass, and yield a passage to mortals wound, that followed thick, so that with one blow on the left side that entered his Heart he fell down, breathing out his Soul in curses loud: This, *Eskeldath* a bloody and tyrannick Turkish Prince beholding, vowed revenge, and coming up to Guy defied him with disdain, cursing him by all his gods, swearing he had vowed his head unto his Mistress, and would bear it unto her on his Launce; *hast thou so*, quoth Guy, & drawing out his bloody Sword, said, pray take it if thy courage will but let thee dare, lest the Ladie think you did promise more than you are able to perform, and then perhaps you lose her Favour: This no sooner spake, but they charged upon each other, that fire sprang out of their Helms like Lightning flashes, till the Pagan being wounded deep into the Arm, let fall his Sword, and thinking it no time for taking of it up, he set spurs to his Horse and fled to the woods amain.

After this Rout and the plunder of the field taken, Guy returns victorious to the City, where he was received with all the pomp that can be possibly conceived, whilst as he rode through the streets, the People from the house tops, and windows, threw down Garlands before him, and strewed him with flowers, crying, *Long live the Renowned English Champion, our happy Deliverer*, and afterwards set up his Statue in the Market-place, adorn'd with the Enemies spoil, the which was since destroyed by the Turks; Guy having staid there with *Albertus* about ten days, was desirous to depart and to return to England, so that leaving a thousand of his men with *Albertus* for the guard of the City, he embarked with the rest, and sailed back for Germany, but one day

day putting into Harbour to refresh, Guy and *Herauld* went on shoar, and being much taken with the pleasantness of the Forrest that bordered on the Sea, they entered the same to see if they could find any Venison, & hearing a heideous noise stood still to wonder what it meant, they heard it grow lowder, quoth Guy, *lets on and see what Monsters this Wild place affords*; so passing along, at last they espyed a Dragon and a Lyon encountring eath other furiously, the which sport pleased Guy so well that he sate him down to behold the fray, saying to *Herauld*, *whosoever gets the Victorie shall try the force of my keen Blade*, the which no sooner said but the Dragon had so evercomed the Princely Lyon with his envenomed breath, that grown faint he turned aside, at which Guy rising charged upon the Dragon's scaly hide with force exceeding fell yea as from an Adamantine Rock his blade rebounded, till at last espying a bare place under the Monsters wing, he thrust his Sword some two foot deep, so that with a Dreadful yell the Dragon seemed to cast forth a flash of fire, and with his gushing blood his life expired: The Lyon seeing his Enemy destroyed, proved not ungrateful to the Destroyer, but licking of Guy's Feet, and expressing all other tokens of kindness, he followed him to the Ship, and then making as it were a low obedience for the favour Guy had done him in killing his mortal Foe, he returned back to the Forrest.

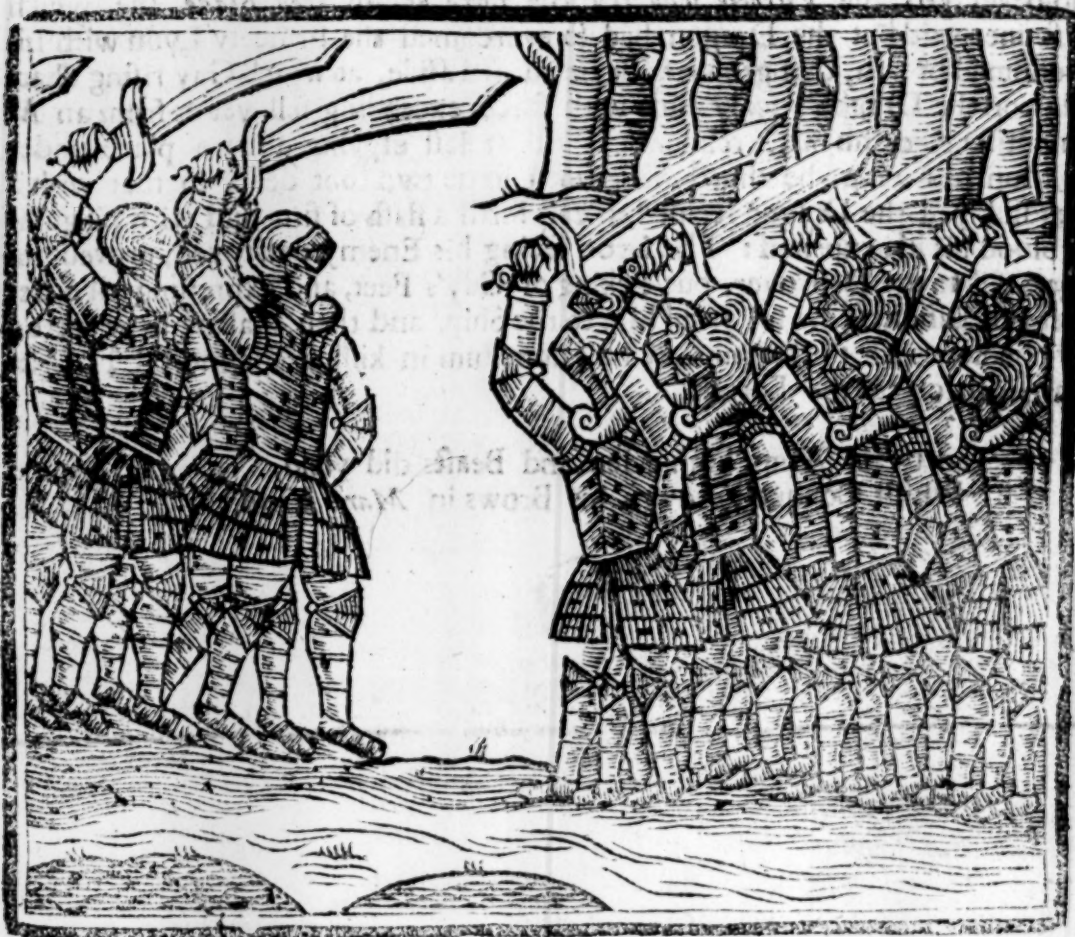
So to his Arms both Men and Beasts did yield,
Whilst Conquest crowns his Brows in *Mar's* Field.

CHAP.

The Renowned HISTORY of

CHAP. X.

How Guy and Herauld travelling thro' a Forrest, found Earl Terry wounded, and his Lady taken from him by sixteen Villians employed by Duke Otton, most of whom he kills, and restores the Lady to her Husband, &c.



After a Months sailing by several Islands, Castles, Cities, and Towns, and the many various adventures that hapned in that space, Guy arrived in *Normandie*, where Landing, he and *Herauld* took their progress to the *Emperours* Court, which was then kept at *Burdax*, where they no soone^r arri-

GUY Earl of WARWICK.

arrived, but the *Emperour* having notice of it came to meet them most royally attended, where in the entrance of the Pallace he embraced Guy, with endearing affections and favours that Majesty could bestow, honouring him with the Title of Son; so much was our Heroick Champion esteemed by the greatest Potentate of *Christendome*, for his sake the *Emperour* caused sumptuous Feasts to be prepared, and Banquets furnished with all manner of rarities, and whatsoever could delight the taste, whilst the gazing crowd flocked round the Pallace to behold him of whom they had heard so much Fame, each chanting forth his Victories: and striving to out do each other in singing of his praises, as the only worthy of the world: The *Emperour* caused Tilt and Tournament to be exercised before him, but would not suffer Guy to enter the List, because he knew none would engage with him; after he had stayed there eight days he desired the *Emperours* leave to depart, that he might keep his promise with the Dukes of *Lovain* and *Lorain*, and with much difficulty obtain'd it, so loath was the *Emperour* and all the Princes and Nobility of his Court to lose his company; but considering that the dearest friends must part, they dismissed him with great applause, who ordered that the Captains of the ships that then lay at Anchor in the Port to sail homewards, whilst he and *Herauld* crossed the country the nearest way to the Duke of *Lovains* Court, the which they readily obeyed, whilst Guy and *Herauld* mounting rode on, but had not passed about ten miles, when entring a huge Forrest, they on a sudden heard dreadful screams, and a confused noise of Kill, Kill, toward which Guy and *Herauld* directed by the sound came instantly, where in a path they found a man wounded lying weltring in his blood, whom they (alighting) knew to be *Earl Terry*, whereupon they raising him up, demanded how he came in such a plight, to whom he (with a faint voice) replied, that he having married with a beautiful Lady, *Ostle* by name, whom before he was married unto, Duke *Otton* had requested in marriage, but she by reason of his vicious Life, had refused his proffer, in revenging which he had hired sixteen villians, who having notice that he and his Lady was to walk that way, lay in ambush, and had set upon and wounded him after that barbarous manner, and not only so, but had taken from him his wife, whom more then life he did esteem

And can the Duke, said Guy, deal in nothing but Treachery, I lately made his villians repent in Death so base a Treason, and if I can find out these that have thus wronged thee, they shall have equal share dealt 'em, cheer up my friend, and know that I am Guy, and by the Conquests that this sword has won, and all the bloodie battles this hand has fought, I'll fetch thee back thy love if thou canst but direct me which way the villians went; at Guy's name

Terry

Terry revived, & receiveing fresh Vigour ceased his pale countenance, pale for loss of Blood, and rendred praise to Heaven for sending so worthy a Hero to his aid, in such a time of great distress, and then turning to Guy, said, *Worthy Sir, who have vouchsafed to pittie my Misfortune, thro' that Lane they went by yonder Oak, this was no sooner said, but they heard the Lady screeke; whereupon Guy ordered Heralde to stay with the Earl, and dress his wounds whilst he pursued the Ruffins, the which he had not long done before he overtook them, halling fair Ostile after a rude manner: To whom Guy thus began,*

*Villians, what dire mischief is this that your vile Hands have done, for which your lives are forfeited to my revenge; restore the Ladie, Miscreants, and appease my wroth, ere it heap Destruction on your wicked Heads; to which they scoffingly replied, What would this vain-glorious fellow have, he thinks, crys another, to get a Name by desperate toily, and that for being Slain, in hopes of rescuing this Ladie, the World will pittie and lament his Fate; a third declared, that he was surely mad; which so enraged him, that bidding the Lady be of good chear, (for that he came to fetch her back unto her Lord) he drew his dreadful Sword well known in War, and with it laid about so furiously, that scarce a blow fell but he kill'd or mortally wounded one or other of them, bruising their Helms or Heads, breaking their Armour, at such a rate, that in an hours space ten of them lay gasping on the ground, which the trembling Lady observing fell upon her Knees and entreated Guy to hold his conquering hand, and shed no more blood for her sake, at which Guy moved with pity, put up his Sword, commanding the remaining six to ask the Lady forgiveness, and to thank her for their Lives, the which they durst not refuse, so that Guy giving them two or three lusty knocks apiece with his Sword in the Scabbard dismissed them, bidding them tell their treacherous Lord that his Name was Guy, and that he hoped ere long to meet him in Arms, and render him the reward of his Treachery; after which Guy caused the Lady to mount behind him, so they rid to the place where they left the Earl, who seeing them riding toward him, faint as he was, came supported by Heralde to meet them, where falling down he embraced Guy's knees, rendring him a thousand thanks, with inexpressible joy, saying, *He should be proud to die fighting in his cause.**

So much renown in Arms the Hero won,
That his great Deeds through Europe now had run.

CHAP. XI.

How Guy and Herauld went with the Earl to relieve his Father who was besieged by Duke Otton, and how Guy raised the Siege, routed the Dukes Army, and killed him in single Combate.



NOW night had cast her sable vail over the earth, and left only the imperfect brightness of the moons silver beams to chear the drousie Globe, when Guy, Herauld, Terry, and Ostile, his fair spouse, had through the Forrest to travel many a mile before they came to any house or place of entertainment, but being so good company they passed on joyfully, till coming to

G

a

a toft of broad spreading Trees, (that caft a horrid shade, blacker than night it felf) they heard a hideous noife and roaring caufed by Beasts of Prey, who having left their Dens, followed the fcent of blood, as Lyons, Bears, Wolves, Tigers, Panthers, Leopards, and the like, when cafting their eyes round they efpyed two Armed Knights ftanding with their fwords drawn on their Guards, and liftning to the felf fame crys, who Guy and his associates coming up to, found to be two kinfmen of the Earls, at which Terry embracing them, asked the caufe that brought them into fuch a place fo full of dread and danger, to whom with a figh they reply'd, Alas my Lord! to tell you news you would not gladly hear, your Princely Father in his Caftle is befieged by raging Ottoms power, begirt with fifteen thoufand men, the incensed Duke fwearing to lay it level with the Ground, and take your Fathers life in revenge of your taking away his Love.

Alas! (faid Terry, with a countenance that Witneffed a thorow fence of Grief) *I take his Love? juft Heaven knows my innocence: Speak Ostile, tell this Renowned man if I at any time procured thee to break thy faith, or ever tempted thee to act ought againft thy will. Never* (faid the beauteous Lady) *thou haft in all been honourable, that cruel Duke has wronged thy innocence, indeed he did make known to me his horrid Love, but his design (when I withftood to yield) was to have ravifhed me by force, but Heaven always pittying the diftressed, prevented his black intent; thine I am and ever will be till death fhall make a feparation. Well spoke, fair Lady, (faid Guy) in whose brest are fuch sparks of Vertue, now I find that I muft truly praife thy worth; tis for Love of a fair Creature, far diftant from this place, that I VVars dreadful Task firft underfook, and through a Sea of Blood I have waded to obtain, and whom e're long I do intend to fee, and lay my Trophies (gained by Conquest) at her feet, fince I have found Your conftancie, fo perfect in their beginings, fear not worthy Lovers ceafe your cares.*

Alas! my Lord faid Terry, how can I be void of care and grief, when my dear Father, dear to me as life, muft unavoidably be ruined for my fake, if any Guilt there could be in the cafe, furely I muft be innocent, come then life or death, I'll thro' the Leaguer break and free my father, or elfe perifh in the brave attempt.

Grieve no more, faid Guy, nor let reftlefs thoughts difturb your peace, thefe Arms fhall force the daring foe to leave the fieve, or like to thundering with death hurl ruin on their guilty heads, I in my vifage bear the tripple fates, and wherefoe're I look, fevere deftruction marks my frowns, and death awaights to execute my will: long have I wifhed to meet the Duke in Arms, and now have found an opportunity unlooked for, and with as much joy go to this War as I would go to fee my well pleased Phaloe fmile.

At

At these words the Earl revived, and put on chearfulness, whilst he and his fair spouse fell at *Guy's* feet, and would in humble thanks have kissed the Ground, but that he taking them up in his arms would not permit such reverence for to be done to him a mortal Man, &c.

So they marched till they came within sight of the Castle, the which stood up on a rising hill; no sooner had fame conveyed the sound thro' the Army that *Guy* was approaching, but the Commander had heard the dreadful Exploits his warlike hand had done, fled, and left the Duke and some of his particular friends to order the forces, the Duke seeing himself in this plight grew the more desperate, vowing to continue the Seige, tho' ten thousand Devils were approaching to give the besieged aid.

Guy after having dispersed some few that lay against the Eastern Gate, with the Earl, *Herauld* and the rest entred the Castle, where finding the old Earl in much perplexity, *Guy* comforted him, as likewise *Terry*, *Herauld*, *Ostile*, and the rest, relating what adventures had befall, at which the old man somewhat revived, *Guy* desired him to permit the Soldiers under his command to sally out upon the foe. for, said he, now fear hath made half the Conquest, I in a minutes time will finish it, which said, all with loud shouts cry'd, *lead on, lead on to Victorie*, when on a sudden the Gates on groaning hinges opened wide, and out they marched against the foe, *Guy* in the front began the battel with such courage and fury, spurred on by keen Revenge that the slaughtered rout fell down on either hand, and his Men following it hard, in less than two hours space the amazed Tuscanes fled on all sides in confusion, leaving six thousand of their dead and dying friends upon the place, which the Duke seeing, in a rage desperately minded, was resolved to dye, and not survive his infamy, whereupon he sought in every part for *Guy*, whirling his sword about to make him room, to whom approaching, said, *Now I found thee who haunted me from place to place, and challenge thee in Arms to try whom Fortune has designed to favour, for death is better than an ignominious lose of honour.* To whom *Guy* thus reply'd, *Proud Duke, whose treacheries are not to me unknown, who causelessly sent latelie to invade my life, know that I joy to meet thee, at which* they rushed together, and like Lions fierce encountred each other, whilst from their Helms the sparks of fire flew, and ratling Armour ecchoed in the Skies, till the Duke wounded deep on the right side fainted and fell down for the loss of blood, the which *Guy* seeing, remembred that he was a Christian and thereupon began to compassionate his unhappy fate, striving to recover him, but in vain, for after his having made a true confession of his many crimes and asked pardon of all whom in his life he had offended, the grim tirant death prevail'd and led him captive to the shades of night at which with a relenting mind, after having deliver'd him to his friends to be honourably interr'd return'd to the Castle

where with great Joy he was received of all, especially of Terry, Ostile and the old Earl, but after having spent two days there with much delight, Herauld and he took their leave and departed.

Still searching glorys stage to court bright fame,
And win themselves an everlasting name.

CHAP

CHAP. XII.

How Guy killed a Monstrous Bore, and of the Honour done him by the Dukes of Lorain and Lovain, how he returned to England and killed a monstrous Dragon in Northumberland, and the honour done him by the King, and his Reception by fair Phalice.



GUY and Herauld having taken leave, proceeded on-wards of their journey towards the Duke of Lovains Court, but not having passed far, e're in the Forrest, they saw coming towards them the hugest Bore that Earth e're bred, whose eyes liketwo Beacons blazed, and on his back the horrid Bristles stood much like a Grove of spears: His Tusks, which like two Fiery Bulworks

Real

stood, were at least two foot in length, his jaws with blood and slaughter all besmeared, before whose rage, no man, or beast could stand; *Guy* nothing daunted, gave his Horse to *Herauld*, for to hold, and drawing out his massy blade went to meet him, at whom the Beast coming with open mouth grunted horribly, *Guy* stood not to complement him but let fly with all his force as if *Joves* Thunderbolts from broken clouds had fell, so that the Bore never feeling such weighty strokes nor smarting wounds till then, turned tail, and endeavoured to save himself by flight, but all in vain, for *Guy* pursuing, laid so hard upon his swinish head that down he fell besmeared with blood, and with a horrid noise that made the Forrest shake breathed out his life, after which, *Guy* hewing off his head, the which was at least one hundred weight, bore it on his lance to the Duke of *Lovains* Court, where no sooner arriving, but the Duke commanded all his Drums, Trumpets, Clarions, and other instruments of War to welcome him, going with his Nobles to congratulate his safe return, with all the imaginable expressions of joy, and ten thousand happy wishes, sending notice of his arrival to the Duke of *Lorain*, who with all the Nobility of his Court, in very splendid Equipage came to embrace the worlds admired man, and to present him with Gifts and Honours, tho' not suitable to his deserts, the two Dukes making a publick feast for the space of ten days for all commanders whatsoever.

But *Guy* having been so long absent from the bright beauty who was to be the reward of his dreadful toyl, was much desirous to return to *England* his Native place, long it was before he could obtain their licenses to depart, they still preparing one noble exercise or other to delay him, till at last he opened to them his love, giving them to understand it was for that he so long had roamed about the world and undertaken enterprizes so perrilous, against which they could find no argument, but ordering one of the best Ships immediately to be rigged and fitted, they unwillingly dismissed him, after having accompanied him to the Sea side, saying, *Go and prosper, thou Renowned Worthy of the world, thrice happy is the land that gave thee birth, and more happy she that must enjoy thee in her arms, may Victory awaight thee wheresoever thou goest, and crown thy brows with never fading Bays.*

For which *Guy* having returned his humble thanks, gave order to hoist up Sail, and having a good forewind, in four days touched on *English* Ground.

The which the King no sooner hearing of but he sent several of his nobles to desire his company at *York*, where then he kept his Court, *Guy* hearing that it was his Sovereigns pleasure, stood not to dispute, but joyfully accompanied them, tho' he had rather have gone to his inestimable Jewel the fair *Phelice*.

First

First no sooner *Herald* and he were conducted to the Kings presence, where he sat in his throne with all his Nobles standing round about him, but they offered to kneel as was their duty, but the King forbade it, and rising from his chair of state took them in his arms and embraced them, saying, Worthy Champions, by whom my Realm is famous thro' the World, and especially you Sir *Guy*, whose Arms have done such wonders as amaze mankind, before whose arm the haughty foes still bowed their stubborn necks, Monsters and Tyrants by thy prowess fell, and Armies scattered, strewed the field with slain, matchless in War, in Arms not to be equalled, Fames brazen trumpet hath thy Worth proclaimed, and that the everliving Monument of true Heroick greatness stiled, spreading thy mighty Deeds unto the utmost corners of the Land, thou the Oppressors scourge, and the Oppresseds shield, receive such favours as a King can give.

At which *Guy* bowing low, and returned all humble thanks he thus began *Dread Sovereign Lord*, to whom I all Allegiance owe, your praises of my worth are too great for my deserts, but could there be an enterprize found out greater difficulty, wherein your most obedient subject could do ought to merit the least of these favours your highness heaps upon me, I should think my self for ever blest, a happiness so infinite I should be proud to purchase with my life.

Alas, said the King, and with that he sighed there is an enterprize of dangerous consequence within the limits of this Isle, but I must hide it from thee lest in such a dangerous attempt I lose the best of subjects, and thou at home have thy Heroick deeds eclipsed by foil or death.

My ever honoured Lord, said *Guy*, conceal not your Princely thoughts, give me the danger whatsoever it is, and I'll with open Arms go joyfully to meet it, were it the dreadfullest that ever Fate devised.

Then since thou wilt know brave English Hero, 'tis a dreadful dragon bred amongst the rocks in *Northumberland*, of a monstrous size, who for this month past has infested all that Country, killing both Man and Beast, so terrible to behold, that all the people within ten miles of his cave have left their habitations desolate, and for hast many of their flocks and herds, the which he preys upon, and gluts his venomous jaws with slaughter; many of our Knights have gone to Combate him, but with such fatal success, that either wounded with his mortal sting, or poysoned with the infectious air he breaths, they have either dyed upon the place, and there served to gorge his hellish Maw, or soon after; and so cunning is the Fiend, that if he sees any number of Armed men together, he will not descend from his Rocks, but there abide, or with expanded Wings bear himself aloft in the air: I tell you not this because I would have you hazard your life in so perilous an enterprize; no, I had rather that

Coun-

County should lye waste, than you exposed unto mortal danger.

To whom Guy thus reply'd, *Most redoubted Sovereign, the news you tell me has already filled me with more joy than can be well expressed, shall I that have freed so many nations from the Pests, now in the prime of all my strength decline the freeing of this in which i first breathed my vital air? No, may it but please your Highness to order me a conduct where to find this Monster, or rather fiend, I vow by all the favours that your Majesty has heap'd upon me, that before the Sun has twice rounded this globe of earth, his head upon a Launce fast fixed, shall to your Majesty be brought, more monstrous he cannot be than him whom I bereaved of life in the Luvian Forrest.*

At Guy's earnest request, the king ordered twelve knights to wait upon him, of whom Herault was one, who had sworn not to leave him in any adventure whatsoever, whereupon Guy took his leave, and the king bestowed many blessings upon him, wishing him prosperous success, and that he might be Victorious over the destroying Dragon.

No sooner was Guy departed on his journey, but a Messenger from the great counsel then assembled at Lincoln, came to give his Majesty to understand that his presence was required there, about deciding a business of much concernment, whereupon he posted thither, where for a while we must leave him and Follow Guy into Northumberland.

Where being arrived, he no sooner came within ken of the Rock, wherein was the Dragons Cave, but he found the Mangled Carcasses of Men and Beasts lye scattered on the Plain, some half devoured, and others swollen with Poyson; at which sight not daunted in the least, he forward rides, bidding his Kts. stay behind at some distance, lest the Monster leaving him should set on them, not so well able to withstand his force.

Having advanced within a furlong of the Cave, the Dragon espys him, and greedy of his Prey, with broad wing out-spread, that he drove the air round him like a Whirl-wind as he Flew, came at Guy staring on him with eyes that seemed to burn like lamps of fire, hissing horribly, Guy having set his Launce in his rest met him with a full career, and hitting him just upon the brest, his scaly hardness burst the Launce into an hundred pieces, without so much as making the least impression, at which he drew his sword, and with redoubled force laid at the Monsters head, whiles he extended his forked sting, disgorging black poison on the Ground, and with a dreadful yell made at him with his Teeth and claws, sometimes on the earth, sometimes aloft in the Air he Assails the Champion, who watching his opportunity as he was rising, struck him a full blow under the Wing that spoild his Flight the swarthy blood Gushing out a

main

main, of which Guy taking the advantage, ran him in so deep, that reaching of life's feat, with horrid yells that made the Rocks resound, he breathed out his last, whilst from his mouth that opened wide, was seen to issue forth flakes of fire; his head with much labour he hewed off, and fixing it upon the Truncheon of his Spear, he rides back to his Knights, who overjoy'd at his success welcom'd him and sung him victorious Champion, most Renown'd on Earth, placing a wreath of Lawrels on his head, and so rid on till they came to York, but having notice of the King's departure they stayed not there but posted to Lincoln, where they were received with all the signs of Joy imaginable, the gazing crouds from all parts came to see the mighty Champion so much praised by Fame.

The King no sooner heard of his coming, but rising from the Council-board, attended by all the Nobility present, he went to meet him, when beholding the Monstrous head he blessed himself; saying, it was surely made to devour all mankind, such glazing Eyes, and rows of Monstrous Teeth, Rabid Jaws, armed with scale of Adamant, and forked stings, whose points exceed the sharpest steel, and at least a yard in length, from which, said he, hereafter Heaven defend this Isle; with that he gave order to one of his Knights to receive it at Guy's hands, & afterwards embraced him with unfeigned joy saying, well art thou worthy of our Royal Favours, thou most Renowned Man, whose brave Exploits shine now as bright as Noon-day-Sun, Honours first born thou art, and eldest Son of Fame, how shall we express thy praises, whose all conquering arm no power of mortals can withstand.

The which Guy modestly endeavoured to excuse, but in vain, for the more he excused, the more he was honoured, the King sending two Knights skilled in Limnick to take the just proportion of the Dragon's Carcass, the which they did, and found it to be thirty foot in length, and alike in all proportion; the Picture being hung up in Warwick Castle, but of that more hereafter. By this time Fame had conveyed to Phœlice the news of Guy's being with the King at Lincoln (the rest she having heard before) delays not, but mounting her Palfry came attended with several Ladies thither, where finding Guy, who little expected her there, they embraced each other, and wept for Joy; Alas, said Phœlice, my Love, couldst thou neglect me thus, as to be in England so long without letting me know, 'tis sure thou hast forgot thy vows or were they only feigned; to whom Guy answered mild: Bright center of my soul, on whom all my joys depend, and all the dreadful toyles of War that I have undergone seem small, since thou in recompence afford'st me love; look on me my dear Joy, my faithful heart is ever thine, it was still with thee in all the dangers that I underwent, thou art the only she this Land contains that willingly at

H

my

my Arrival I would first have seen, but being sent for by the King, at my first setting Foot on shore, I was obliged to obey my Sovereigns command, and after freed the Land by slaying of the hugest Dragon that the Earth e're bred.

No more my Lord, said Phælice, I have heard of all thy brave Exploits, such hazards you shall never undertake for me again, I am now thine own, in Loves soft wars we will hereafter contend; so saying she wept for Joy, and Guy embraced her, smothering her tears with kisses.

The Marriage day proposed, Guy gives the King to understand the sum of all, how for love of beauctious Phælice he had undertaken those enterprizes, and waded through a Sea of blood, desiring that his Majesty would acquaint Earl Robands with the same, and procure his free consent, for as yet he knew not of their Loves.

This the King promised to perform, and that himself, his Queen, and all the Court would grace the Wedding with their Presence, the which was appointed to be at Warwick, the Queen sending Phælice many Jewels and other rich Presents; and all imaginable preparations great and costly were prepared for entertaining of the Royal Guest.

Whilst Fame did loudly sing his mighty praise,
And Crown'd his head with never fading Bays.

C H A P.

CHAP. XIII.

How Guy and Phælice are joyned in Wedlock, and of their splended entertainment, how afterwards he vows a Pilgrimage, and travels to the holy Land, how in his way he kills Amarant a Monstrous Gyant, and delivers the Prisoners under his Tyranny, kept in Tortures



THE happy Nuptial day long looked for being come, the King & Queen with all the Court to Warwick strait repair, attended & adorned with all the Poropous Magnificence that can be imagined on so great an Occasion.

Earl Roband no sooner understanding by the King's Letter that Guy was arrived in England, and that for the Love of his beauteous Daughter he had undertaken the dreadful toyls of War, and Combats fierce abroad, and eke at home and that he was come to Warwick to ask his consent, and being overjoyed he went to meet him.

Guy perceiving him came towards him, bowed himself to the ground, whereupon the Earl halted, and taking him in his Arms, embraced him with all the expressions of Love and Friendship: Guy no sooner asking his consent, but his reply was, That he should ever be bound to bless Heaven for enclining to so Heroick and brave a Man to ask that of him which he himself had so often wished would come to pass, and that his Generation should be so famous by an alliance with the worthiest Champion that ever trod the Globe, for which Guy returned humble thanks; and thereupon Phælice being called, blushing with Virgin Modesty, freely, and to her no small content yielded.

Business being brought to this pass, the Earl gave order for the sumptuous entertainment; commanding the Keepers of his Parks to prepare a hundred fat Bucks, which were served up with all the choicest dainties of the Land, after the Churches seal had joyned the lovely pair, Wine flowing round such abundance, for to entertain: the Royal Guest, that it was to be admired the Nation could afford so much, all manner of Fowls and Fishes eatable, that the Air or Sea contained: so that Abasuerus when he feasted all the Eastern provinces could not outdo this; the Banquet ended, melodious instruments of Musick were brought, and the Ladies of Honour, and Lords, attendants on the Court danced before the King and Queen, the Earl and his Countess, Guy and his fair Bride, who deckt with Jewels, far bright as the morning Star, nor was Guys own Father and Mother wanting to be there: after the Dances ended several Plays were presented and Songs sung containing Guys Heroick Acts, to the infinite satisfaction of all the Assembly, every one joying the married pair, whilst Hymen descending in a cloud, sung to soft Musick as followeth.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

Happy for ever, Blessed be,
Whom Heaven has joyn'd in Unity,
Let *Peace* and *Honour* still attend,
And *Joys*, such *Joys* as know no end.
Still live in *Love*, and banish care,
Whilst I pronounce you happy are.

2.

Great man of War, whom Beauty charms,
Embrace thy *Goddeſs* in thy Arms,
Live, live, for ever in delight,
Loves ſofter Wars does now invite,
To *Mars* no more dread *homage* pay,
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, you muſt obey.

3.

Loves pow'r commands; you muſt ſubmit,
So has the Deity thought fit,
'Gainſt pointed Beauty Armor's vain,
Through it Love wounds with pleaſing pain.
Then Happy in each others bliſs,
Make earth, make earth a *Paradiſe*.

After the Song ended, Maſquerades were performed, and all the noble ſports that could be imagined to delight the ſenſes, the Feſtival containing for the ſpace of ten days, but not long after this Joy was eclipsed by the death of the noble Earl, who dyed of a violent Feaver, to the unſpeakable Grief of all men, making Guy ſole Heir of all his Lands and Lordſhips; the King confirming upon him the Title of Earl of Warwick, he being thenceforwards ranked in all Aſſemblies of Council, and other meeting amongſt the Lords and Peers of the Nation, and highly eſteemed of all, &c.

But

But to see in the midst of joy and delight what sudden Eclipses (at which the World not a little wondred) overspread the bright sun-shine of infant bliss, for Guy ruminating over the past Actions of his Life, began seriously to consider with himself what an Ocean of Blood he had waded through to purchase his beauteous Bride; for which being smitten with remorse of Conscience, he fell into a deep Melancholly, and often retired in private to bewail his sins committed against Heaven, saying, That to gain Honour & Renown to please a Woman, he had provoked the just incensed God of all the Earth, and that his Crimes were many, great and grievous; and that without speedy Repentance they would prove his eternal ruin, with many other feeling expressions of deep sorrow and contrition; so that his war-like eyes that were wont to sparkle fire, now flowed with briny tears, whilst sighs and groans declared the Agony he strove under.

Which *Phelice* one day having watched him to his retirement, observing him in submissive wise, entreated to know the cause of so sudden alteration, saying, if she had any ways offended she would upon her knees beg pardon, and be sure for to transgress no more in the like nature; and with that she tenderly wept, whose tears Guy not being able to behold, raised in his Arms and began to comfort her saying, weep not bright Angel thou fairest and divinest of thy Sex, in whom alone such vertues dwell as can equal the best of woman dwelling on the Earth

No my adored Mistress, 'tis for my boundless that sins now turn back upon my conscience in their native ugliness and vile deformity, whose numbers are as numberless as Sands on the Barrachian shores, the flower of Youth and Strength I have vainly spent, puffed up with fond imaginations and the love of thee, in a red sea of blood have I sailed about the World, and with this hand laid thousands silent, pale in deaths cold Tombs, who else might now have been alive; but thou art innocent of such impieties, 'twas Fortunate success and my ambition that prompted me to such extream ills, the which I now with tears lament, and must to Heaven make satisfaction, for a long and weary Pilgrimage unto the Holy Land I have resolved to take, vows are past and shall not be recalled therefore my lovely *Phelice* weep no more; 'tis to the holy Sepulchre i'll go, and see the place where my dear Saviour for sinful Mans Redemption humbled himself so low as to abide in, after his having taken our nature upon him, and where he suffered & laid down his precious life for us unworthy miserable Wretches, who make it our chief end to disobey his Will, So saying, he sighed and groaned within himself, at which *Phelice* again bedewed her beauteous face with tears, the which he smothering with a Kiss, and thus mildly did proceed; Alas my fair one, for thy sake I could willingly

ly stay at home, but for the sake of my immortal soul (more dear) I must perform my vows; live chaste my Phœbe like the Turtle Dove, and win immortal praises by thy Vertuous life: Remember the Renowned Women of former times, as Penelope, Edilfrida, and Edilthrudis, with many others, who after being married, accounted Chastity their greatest Pride, contemning all desires of Marriage blifs.

I know thou art so much compos'd Divine, that thou canst equal, if not exceed them all; for sure it is 'twas for thy sake, and to procure thy love, that I trampled upon Crowns and Sceptures, forcing Princes and Potentates to yield their Breaths, tho' I must confess the fault was only mine, and thou art innocent; but alas too long I delay to make satisfaction: For my guilt Armor lye there, and all my Conquests be forgot, in a Pilgrims Weed I now will travel the world with weary steps: Come my dear and gentle Phœbe deliver me thy Ring, and take thou mine, the Pledge of our dear remembrance and Love, the which beholding tho' distant many miles, divided by rough Waves, let us think on each other; and if ere I return to see this my Native Land, I'll send it thee that thereby thou mayst have knowledge of my arrival. He had no sooner ended, but drown'd in tears that burst from her starry Eyes, she wrung her hands complaining against her cruel Fates, thus soon to separate her from her Lord, begging on her knees his stay, but finding his resolution fixed too deep to be removed, she unwillingly consented, promised to have him ever in remembrance, enjoyning him the same by her, so unknown to any she accompanied him to the ship in which he was to pass for Italy, and there with a thousand endearing Kisses took her leave of him, not knowing where she ever should behold him more; and so with sad & heavy cheer she return'd to Warwick Castle, where for a while we must leave her and follow Guy into Italy, where suffering many storms at Sea, he arriv'd safe, and Landing only with a staff and scrip travelled over the Country pensive and alone, passing many a wild Forrest and Desert place, till having gone about two hundred Miles close by a murmuring Brook o'respread with Poplars and Osiers, he espied an aged Knight sitting, & greatly bewailing his misfortune, crying, Alas! what now but woe and misery, which nought but Death can put a period too, cruel was the Tyrant thus to bereave me of all my Sons, not leaving me so much as one for to support and comfort me in my declining Age; nay, more, what horronr seizes me to think the miseries they endure, by his Tyrannick rage, their deaths are lingring, but mine shall not be so.

With that he drew his Sword, and being about to fall thereon, Guy, stepped to him and hindred the intended violence, saying, Reverend Sir, make known to me the cause of this your grief that has driven you upon such despair, if it lie in the power of man to right your wrongs, perhaps I may be the man that will reverse your woes.

At

At which the Knight fixing his Eyes upon Guy, with a deep sigh thus spake, Alas Pilgrim, thou art not able to give ease unto my grief, 'tis death alone must cure my plaint; Be not so rash said Guy, but tell the cause, you know not what hidden force these Arms contain, Why then said he, kind stranger, since you will understand my misery, know, that in yonder Castle large and strong, dwells one Amarant a Gyantick Tyrant, of such a monstrous size, as Balth I think never brought forth before, who feeding upon humane flesh, seizes all that pass these Woods, and either Dead or Alive bears them to his horrid prison, in which not only Gentlemen but tender Ladies he at this time holds captive at least one hundred, the Women for his Lust, and the Men for his pastime put to various Tortures; my only Daughter unadvisedly straying this way, was taken by this Monster, upon which my fifteen Sons, desirous to rescue her, went armed to fight against the Tyrant, but not being able to withstand his force were all taken Prisoners, whose Lives I hear, for their Sisters sake he spares, but every day devises for them new torments: Now thou hast heard me out, what thinkst thou? have I not cause enough for Death?

To whom Guy thus replied, Alas Sir, I pity you, yet am glad I came so luckily to save your Life, and see your Son yet alive; could you perform so meritorious a work, said the Knight with humble thanks to you I'd kiss the ground and bless this happy day, but I fear 'tis altogether vain for to attempt for many have whose skulls lyes scattered round the dreadful place: fear not said Guy, lend me but your sword and bow, I'll try that fortune which has never turned against me yet, while I live I'll pray for my success: So saying he departed, and coming to the Castle gate, thundered at it so loud as made the hollow Walls to echo, at which the dreadful Giant, roused came forth Armed from his den, bearing a mighty Club some six foot long and seeing Guy, upon his breast his eyes did seemed to sparkle like fire; saying, firrah, what dost thou here, what dost thou here to hinder my repose? know you not 'tis death to come to this place, much more to be so bold it may be so, said Guy, were you not equal to your will, but it was to seek you that drew me to this place, know you not your monstrous size I dread, to which the Gyant storming, replied, for an ill purpose art thou come, for with thy flesh will I feast the Bowls of the Air, whilst my self shall quaff thy Blood, and with that said at Guy with his mighty Club, who nimbly avoided the coming strokes and drew his Sword, at which a dreadful fight began, which long continued doubtful till thro' heats of heat, Amarant began to faint, which Guy perceiving, redoubled his force and hewed upon his Armour till he dinted and cut it thro' in several places, which the crafty Gyant finding the better to recover breath, feigned Thirst, and belought Guy to let him drink of

the adjacent River, and not to take the advantage of Natures enforcement, to which *Guy* readily condescended, saying, *Drink thy fill, that so I may have the greater Task to Conquer thee, who when subdued, shall have no excuse, so said Heroick Guy.*

And *Amarant* strait to the River halted, drinking largely of the swelling flood, whilst *Guy* stood prepared to receive him at his return, The Giant having ended his draught and quenched his thirst, takes up his club and comes at him with all his force, rest having added fresh vigour; the which *Guy* observing, nimbly avoided the furious stroke, which falling on the Ground entred above a foot therein, so that before he could recover his stroak, *Guy* struck him full on the head, which made him recoil six large paces, but wheeling about he charged again with greater force than before, so that the combate having continued about the space of four hours, *Guy* grew thirsty, desiring the like leave that before he had granted, to which *Amarant* scoffingly replied, he never was so great a fool as to relieve his Foe but to take all advantages; this so enraged *Guy*, that with force exceeding he smote upon the Gyants Trest, and with three blows brought him to the Ground, who falling like a Ciclops made the earth quake, and being down cryed out for quarter, but in vain; for *Guy* remembring his base ingratitude, immediately lopped off his frightful head, which divided from the Monstrous trunk he fixed on the Gates, and taking the Key he entred the Castle, where he found the wofullest Spectacles that e're his eyes beheld tender Ladies in dark Dungeons, living for many years on humane flesh, nay forced to eat their Husbands, or their nearest friends; such was the rigour of the merciless Tyrant.

These he released, but going father, found a massy door on brazen Pillars hung, he not having the keys forced 'em open with iron instruments he found in the Castle, where he had no sooner entred but he beheld such sights as made him start with horror, above fifty persons (among which were the Knights sons) hang'd up by the heels, some with their heads downwards, others by the wrists, and some by the middle or privy members all looking as pale as death, who no sooner hearing the gate open, but supposed it had been the Gyant coming to torment them (as his use was to make himself pastime) whereupon they with lamentable crys began to beseech him to put them out of their pains: but contrary, *Guy* gently took them down, who thro' weakness were no ways able to stand, when he had done this, he went and called the Knight, who no sooner entred and saw what *Guy* had done, but falling at his feet he rendred him ten thousand thanks, but *Guy* taking him up embraced him, saying, he always had vowed to right the wronged, and help the oppressed against the mighty oppressor; this he having said, and they understanding he was their deliverer, with tears of Joy

I

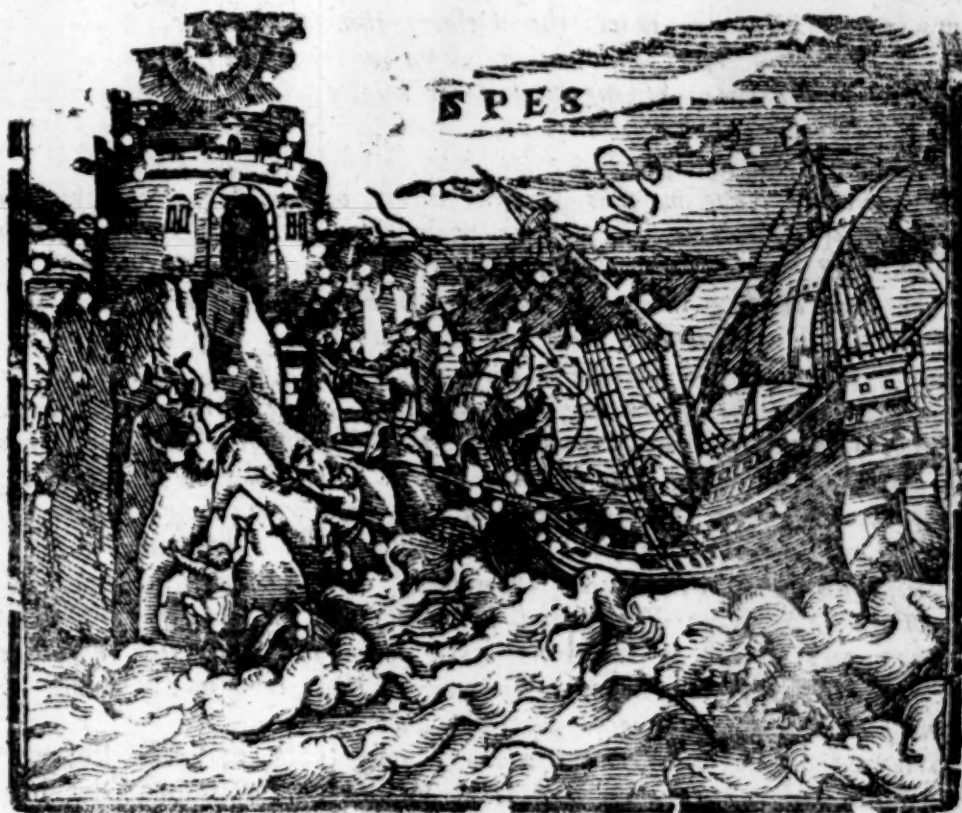
blessed

bleſſed the day that gave him birth, and a thouſand times more this in which he had releaſed them from their torments, after which *Guy* having comforted them all he could delivered the Keys of the Caſtle to the Knight, with ſtrict charge carefully to look to the diſtreſſed Ladies, and the reſt, he put off the Armour, and taking his gown and ſtaff, departed towards *Jeruſalem*, with many a weary ſtep over Hills and Rocky Mountains, through woods and Forreſts, where the dreadful wild Beaſts roared around him, ſolitary all alone, and often ſitting down in the ſhade, or by ſome murmuring brook, would with tears bewail his ſins, and condemn himſelf for the many great tranſgreſſions he had committed, lamenting his youthful follies, whiſt *Wildings* and *Berries* where his daily food, and water from the Chriſtian Spring ſufficed for drink to quench his thirſt, whom now we muſt leave bewailing his depravities, return into *England*, to take a view how *Phalice* bears the abſence of her wandering Lord.

*Woiſt through unroden Muzes he does ſtray,
To Juda's Land his Sins to purge away.*

CHAP. XIV.

How Guy's departure out of England is lamented, and of strange Adventures that befel in the Holy Land, how at his return he routed Amathuse's Army, and restored Earl Terry to his Lordships, afterwards returning into England, which he found almost destroyed by the Danes.



NO sooner did the King and the Nobility hear that *Guy* was departed the Land on a Pilgrimage but they were struck mute with admiration, wondring that he could so soon leave the fairest creature *England* had, for a toylsome and solitary life, yet commend his Piety that began such early Repentance and set his Soul at far greater value than all his Honours, or glittering Treasures; so that for this he will gain as much applause as before he had done for his Victories.

In the mean while *Phallice* pensive and shunned all converse unless it were concerning her Lord, keeping her self reserved and chaste, seldom being seen abroad, the Queen and several great Ladys, came several times to visit her, and to persuade her out of her melancholly, but in vain; she would not hearken to tales of mirth, but often retiring into her Closet, she would bewail his absence, saying, *Alas, where wanders now my Guy, what unknown Climate holds that far famed Man whom Europe latelie held in admiration? but now unknown in poor arraie he traces the Deserts thinking on me, whilst tears gush from his brimful eyes, and sitting down under some spreading shade be-moans my lonelie state, wishing himself oft in my Arms. O why did we ever part, for this short moments bliss that was scarce worth his thoughts, did he undertake such toil and six Years spend in dreadful War, alas! could it be my Lord that could leave me thus forlorn, bereft of joy, and comfortless even in the dawn of Happiness, overcasting with thick clouds of sorrow the morning Sun, when all my hopes were growing perfect; ah cruel Fate to me, but it is for the sake of thy immortal soul which makes me bear it with the less regret, and be more patient in thy absence, hoping one day to behold thy much beloved face again, but where e're thou art I know thy thoughts are fix'd upon me; thy heart is oft in England, tho' thou art far remote; 'tis sure thou canst not forget thy *Phallice* whom once thou lovedst so dear, no, I know thou canst not, I should wrong thy Vertues should I but imagine it; Oh my Lord couldst thou but know how sensible I am of the great dangers that Thou must needs hazard Your self in, whilst thro' wildernesses large and wide Thou travel, destitute of food, and lie obnoxious, now unarmed, to the devouring jaws of each Beast of Prey, and Your absence hath tortured thus my poor bleeding heart with fear which is worse than death it self, but wheresoever thou goest this my comfort my soul attends thee, though my bodie from the vaterie globe's divided Leagues without number.*

So saying, her eyes burst out with pearly tears, and sobs stopped the passage of her voice, refusing all pleasant Wines or sumptuous Diet, her delight being only to feast the poor, and daily to relieve with her own hand such as came for Charity, whilst her Lord having travelled thro' *Arabia* and *Palestina*, after many a Weary step arrived at the long Wished for place, the which to visit in those times, was held sufficient to expiate all sins committed till that time, &c.

Gay took curious observations both of the Sepulchre whereing the *Aramaean* deposited the glorious body of our blessed Saviour, inhumanely put to death by the cruel Jews, after that, the ruined temple wherein he taught, as likewise Mount *Calvarie* or *Golgotha*, where his precious blood was shed for sin ful.

ful man; then the Relicks of the Cross, the Crown of Thorns and Scourge, and many other memorials kept in the Church, now built upon the Holy Sepulchre by the Patriarch. Having stayed there about some twenty years with great Devotion, he felt a Natural decay knowing that Age still hurried death on, and being much desirous to lay his bones in his Native Land, and to see his virtuous Wife before Death closed his eyes with long benighting slumber, he takes his leave to tread back again those steps that he had trod before: Wandring thro' divers Countrys and Regions barefooted all day, and when night came reposed in some hollow Cave that Nature had Arched with Pumice, or beneath some spreading Oak, laying his head upon the mossy bark: so passing on by degrees till he came into Italy. where long he had not travelled before he met with his old acquaintance Earl Terry, whose father being dead, Duke Ottos son, by name Amanthus, had invaded his Territories, and having overthrown him in three huge battels, had taken from him his Lordships and Dominions in the revenging his Father, slain by Guy, and himself being forced to fly to save his life, which Guy understanding, bid him be of good chear, For as I am an Englishman, said he, I will do thee right, and beat the Uurper back to his own Tuscany, at the naming of an Englishman, Terry revived and with a deep fetched sigh, said, Worthy Sir, there was an Englishman, once so much my friend as to save mine and my fathers life from the assailing Tuscans, but I fear death has laid him low in some silent grave, he not having been heard of in these parts for many years, his name was Guy a man renowned above the rest of men: so said the woful Earl, not knowing Guy, (time having so altered his Warlike face) to whom Guy answered (not willing to make himself known) Most Noble Earl, I knew the Man you speak of, and oft have seen him in dreadful Battles try'd, whilst thro' the bloody fields I ranged and chased the Foe with equal success, speaking in these ambiguous words he desired the Earl to fetch him a suit of the highest proofed Armour, and a strong sword, and then to muster up what men he had left, and leave the event to Heaven; in all this he was readily obeyed, so that in a days space every thing was compleat for the March, Guy causing the Trumpets to sound aloud, at the noise of which some of the Tuscans ascending the uppermost Turret of the Castle, saw four thousand men (all the remains of twenty thousand the rest being slain) marching toward them, of which they advertised Amanthus, who conjecturing it to be Terry, commanded his Souldiers to arm, and opening the Gate of the town, issued out in Good order about sixteen thousand strong, marching in three battalies, which Terry observing would have fled, but Guy hartned him on, saying himself would begin the battle and charge the whole Army thro'; long it was not before they came up close to each other, the Tus-

cans giving such a shout as made the hills to Eccho; upon which *Guy* having drawn out one thousand of his choicest men, ordered to sound the Charge, and thereupon with force exceeding, engaged the first embartelled Squadron of the enemies main body, who dreamed of no such fury, and broke thro' their Ranks, disordering and putting them in great confusion, whilst *Guy* laid a-round about him, and at every stroke one or other slew: In the mean while *Terry* was not idle, for animated by *Guy's* example, he on the other side charged *Amanthus* with the like success, so that nothing but slaughter raged thro' the Plain, the conflict continuing dreadful for the space of four hours, when the Tuscans found themselves infinitely worsted, began to shrink, and by dis-ranking fell into so great disorder that their Commanders could not draw them up, which *Guy* perceiving, pressed on, cutting his way thro' Troops and Regiments, and making such dreadful havock, that tho' *Amanthus* with many of his trusty friends going thro' the Army entreated them to take courage, yet could he not restrain their flight, so that all retreat to the Town, being cut off by two thousand that wheeled to the right, they fled confused to the Woods and Hills, scattering themselves on every hand.

Guy and the Earl having pursued them till night returned, where they found the Citizens come out to meet the Earl, with the keys, expressing great joy for those that were left to Guard it, hearing of the overthrow durst not attend the sequel, but abandoned it and fled, which they no sooner perceived, but they entered in great Triumph, and there that night the Earl entertained *Guy* with all imaginary splendor even weeping for joy to be so unlooked for restored, desiring to know his name that had wrought such wonders in his behalf, but he refused to make known who he was, nor did he as formerly take any delight in Applauses, or entertainment, but getting up betimes the next morning, left the City unknown to the Earl or any of his Attendants, so journeying to the Sea side, he found a Ship just going for *England*, in which he joyfully embarked, the Vessel being bound for *Bristol* (which was then likewise a place famous for Merchandize) in eighteen days they arrived there, where Landing they heard most dolesome and unwelcome News, for *Canute* King of *Denmark* on a pretended quarrel for the loss of his Father, who putting to Sea in a small Boat and a Tempest immediately arising he was driven on this shore, and being taken by one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, he was carried before the King, who nobly entertained him, and for his great skill in hawking, made him his chief falconer, which raised such envy in him that he was displeased upon that account, that one day taking his opportunity in a Forrest he slew him and fled into *France*.

which

Which Murther being laid to the Kings charge, who was altogether ignorant of it, the Danes under their aforesaid Captain, and several others under pretence of Revenge, but more out of greediness for Prey and Plunder, Landed with above twenty thousand men, and after them ten thousand more, with which they ravaged and laid waste the Country, destroying with fire and sword all before them, ravishing Women and Virgins, and then ripping them up alive, dashing Babes against the ground, and all other horrid impieties that can be imagined; so terrible they were, that the people fled before them, dreading them worse than a Pestilence; the King having gathered together the English forces, had fought several Battles, in which he was worsted, and thereupon retired with his friends to *Winchester*, a Town then so strong, that it was impossible to take it, unless by starving: Powder, that Hellish Engine, then lay deep hidden in the secrets of the Earth, and was not formed to belch Destruction to mankind, against which the *Danes* having drawn all their forces, besieged it almost round, there being no passage in or out, but at the Western Gate, *Guy*, upon this sad News, and distress of his King and Country, thither he makes with all speed, resolving to raise the Siege, or lose his Life,

*Not Age detains him, but through guarding Foes
He Fights his way, and deals them storms of blows.*

CHAP

CHAP. XV.

How the King being besiged at Winchester, Guy undertook to fight with Colbron a monstrous Gyant, kills him and routs the Danish Army, forcing then with great slaughter to fly the Land, and then betakes himself to his solitary Cave where he lived many years unknown.



GUY no sooner entring the Town but he went upon the Walls to view the Enemies forces how they lay encamped, and what their numbers were, not in

in the least making himself known to any : Long he had not been there, but out from a Tent placed on the Northside, came proudly strutting, an armed Gyant so monstrous size, being at least twelve foot in height and eight in thickness, he being the man that had so terrified the English, and made great slaughter on them in all the battles that were fought, none being able to resist his strength but still fled before him, he wearing underneath his high proofed Armour a shirt of Mail, and bearing a great two edged sword : Long he had not stalked like a huge Colossus on the plain, but (disdainfully) aloud he call'd Juno the King and thus began for to revile, Achilles now no more K. of England, but our prisoner, mured up within these Walls, which we ere long will level with the ground, in vain it is to trust to your defence, come forth and try your manhood in the field, dye here like men, and so perhaps you may purchase to your selves the names of valiant, but if like Cowards there you stay, till we slaughter you within your Walls, and roast you in the flaming Town, Infamy unto posterity will blot the false fam'd English renown, which has spread wide into the world, a report of such deeds as you never durst venture : 'Tis agreed by all the Captains of our Army, that if amongst all your Nobles, you can find a man that dares to combat me, in which combat if he remain victorious, they will not only raise the Siege but depart the Land and leave you in peace and quietness ; so said the insulting Foe, at which their Armies shouted loud and gave him great applause At which daring affront, the King being much perplexed turned to his Nobles, demanding if any of them would adventure on the Noble enterprise : Remember, said he, how great Goliath fell by Davids hand, and shall this Pagan outbrave us thus, for shame my Lords, let it not be known : 'tis Heavens cause we fight, for the defence of the true Christian faith, as well as for our Countrys honour ; who can tell but God may have put this offer into their hearts, either to free us from distress, or to deliver them into our hands : If none will undertake it, I my self will encounter with the haughty Foe, and if I perish Heavens will be done So said the King, but all round stood mute, looking on each other who should first reply, which Guy (who had stood all that while undiscovered) observing, with anger groaned, and coming to the King, most humbly besought his Majesty to confer on him the Honour of the combat, to which the King, not dreaming who it was, for all supposed Guy then dead, by reason he had not been heard of in so long a time, made answer, Alas poor Pilgrim, for so thou seemest to be, thou art not able to contend with one so mighty, I had a Champion once, whom death has now snatcht from me, on whose head I would have ventured my life and crown, Oh renowned Guy for ever lost, thou wouldst not have seen thy sovereign thus affronted and abused, with that he turn'd & wept whose royal tears grieved Guy for to behold, still with supplications, pressing him that he would give consent : Saying, Dread Lord, tho' I'm now unknown

to you, yet trust my courage for this once, and by Heaven, I vow before the Sun descends beneath the Western deep, he that has braved you now shall pay his life for the affront, at which Heroick speech the King stood amazed, and wondred at the greatness of his saying, I have accepted thee, thou shalt be the man on whom I'll venture England, and immediately ordered his own Armour to be brought, which Guy retring put on, lest he should be known, and girding on a massy sword and came to the King to take his leave, which the Nobles seeing began to offer their service, but the King would not permit them now, but embracing Guy unknown, said, Go thou worthy man and Heaven direct thy hand, to quell thy Foe; at which Guy returning humble thanks departed, whilst on the Walls all stood for to behold the Fiey: no sooner was he come within call of Colbron's Camp, so was the Gyant named, but he cryed aloud: come forth presumptuous Dane who durst so late put base affront upon Majesty, behold me English born that am come to chastise thy insolence, at which the Dane rousing from his Couch whereon he was laid, came forth where no soouer beholding Guy, but frowning, and dreadfully glared on him with his fiery eyes, and thus disdainfully began. And could the King amongst his Lords find out no youthfuller for the Combate fit, but send an old Man ready to drop into the Grave, who weary of his life grows desperate, and fears not death, as knowing by course of Nature a few moments more would put a period to his days, it is sure he sent thee to mock me, and make me more enraged; but be it how it will thou never shalt return alive; perhaps so said Guy, if you can hinder it, but as wise and as strong as you have been mistook, contemn not Age in me, these arms and my just cause shall soon decide the Business of the War, so saying they charged upon each other with such force as made their rattling Harness echo in the Skies, and fire like Lightning from each Helm flew, the combate being dreadful to behold, bloody and doubtful, the Dane never been so matched before, wounds were received on both sides, whilst shouts that rent the Sky, from the town and Danish camp were sent, but Fortune who till now had stood neuter, began to turn on Guy's Victorious arm, whom she had failed never, so that with a full blow, he cutting thro' Colbron's Armour gave him a wound in the left shoulder, from whence the blood flowing amain he began to faint and falter in his stroaks, which Guy perceiving, laid the fiercer on, and redoubling his strength, whilst piecemeal down his Harness dropped, whereupon the Gyant entreated Guy for to desist, and seemingly let him the conquest gain, and he would promote him in the Danish Army: Fool as thou art said Guy, thy suit and coward fear are now to be despised, thinkest thou that Englands crown I'll lose unless I lose my life; no, know presumptuous man how thou wert mistaken at the first, and much more now at last; with that his dreadful blade he swings about his head, which in the air much like a comet shew'd, and with

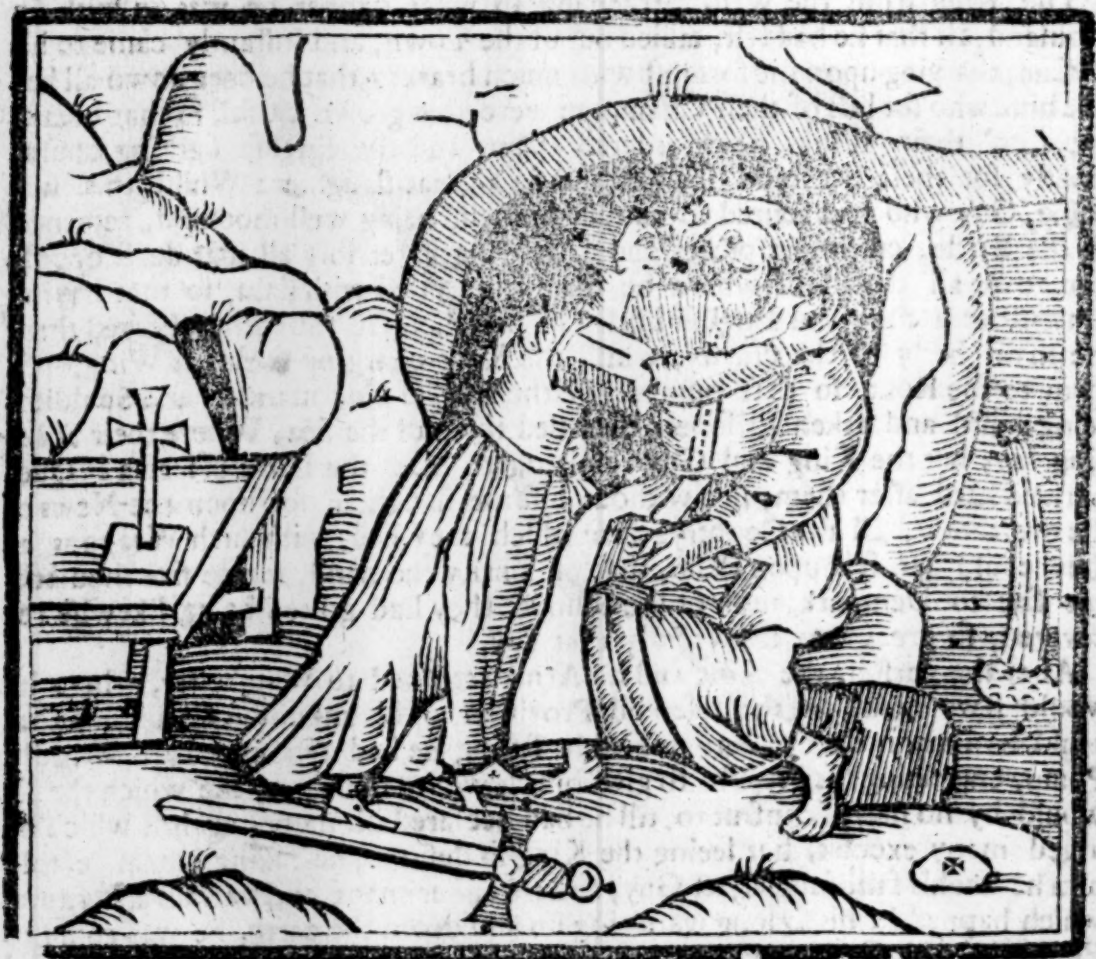
with a redoubled blow, which like a Thunderbolt fell on Colbron's head, he broke his helm, and pierced so deep into his head, that staggering ten paces back he dropped upon the ground, which the Danes seeing, contrary to agreement, came running to his aid, but all to late, for Guy had hewed his head off from the monstrous Trunk, and with his sword drove the disordered Squadron back, slaughtering them on every side, so that none durst come within reach of his Sword, but to the earth fell wounded or slain.

The King from the walls perceiving in what danger he was in with six thousand, all that he had left, sallied out of the Town, and instantly came to his Rescue, charging upon the formost with much bravery, that he bore down all before him, who for loss of their Champion were now grown fearful, so that breaking thro' their Ranks he disordered them, and the English fighting courageously for their lives and liberties, made a great slaughter: Whilst this was doing, Guy who had retired to refresh himself, being well mounted, returned to the Battle, cutting in pieces and destroying so terribly all that durst oppose him, that all the Place where he fought lay piled with slain, so that having drawn out a thousand English horse, he marching in the front, charged thro' the main body of the enemy, whilst the King charging their left Wing, put them to the Rout, so that numbers of their chief Commanders and Souldiers being kill'd and taken Prisoners, they fled towards the Sea, Where their Shipping lay, but the King and Guy resolving to clear the Land of such a Plague, pursued hard after them, not without infinite slaughter for upon the News of the overthrow, all the Countrys thro' which they fled, with such Weapons as they could get, fell upon them, that of Thrity thousand, scarce five thousand got safe to Denmark, most of the Plunder they had gotten being likewise recovered, so great was the Victory that day,

After the pursuit, the King and his Army returned to Winchester, where he would have made all the splendid Provision for his unknown Champion that could be imagined, but Guy refused it, saying he had renounced all Worldly Pomp, entreating his Majesty to give him leave for to depart, the which the K. would by no means consent to, till he had declared his name, against which he urged many excuses, but seeing the King so desirous, he taking him aside, told him he was his faithful Subject Guy, and that after many and various adventures which hapned in his so long wandring up and down the earth, he was come to England for his Grave, and so happily arrived as to rid his Country of his cruel Foe, entreating his Majesty not to discover his Arrival to any, not so much as to his Queen, the which the King promised to observe, and with tears embracing him after a long conference gave him Licence to depart, only binding him with promise to send him word privately where he resided, which he afterwards did, and the King without any Attendance came often to visit him in his solitary Cave, where he lived many years.

So humble was the Warriour, whose Renown,
And mighty Deeds, might justly claim a CROWN.

CHAP. XVI. Of Phælice her behaviour for the absence of her Lord, how she came to have knowledge of him, of his and her Deaths and Burials, the description of their Tombs and Epitaph, how Guy's Sword and the Trophies of his Conquests were hung up in the Castle



Phælice, not all this while having heard of her Lord, remains pensive and sad, her only Recreation being to relieve the Poor, who in numbers still flock about her Gates for Alms, the which she liberally distributed with her own hand often

often enquiring of the Pilgrims that came from the Holy Land, if they had heard of one Guy his much loved Lord, and they answer no; she would turn away and weep, concluding her own death, and then breaking out into passionate expressions, complain of her hard Fate, which Guy himself in disguise often bearing, his eyes growing thereupon full he would turn aside and weep to bear her company, many times receiving Alms at her hands, and resolve not to discover himself. But at last finding Valours strength decay, and that death approaches fast, he thought fit to send the Marriage Ring according to his promise, being much desirous to behold her once more before he dyed; so that espying a Traveller coming towards his Cave, he called to him, and out of all love desired him to do so great a favour as to carry a Ring to the Countess of Warwick, and if she requested of him to direct her to his Cave, he doubted no. but she would largely reward the utmost of his demands: The man at first seemed very unwilling, as not knowing what it should mean, making many excuses till Guy pressing more and more, affirming that he meant no ill, but that the Countess would gladly receive his message; he at last undertook it, and Posting to Warwick Castle, knocked loudly at the Gate, desiring to speak with the Countess in her proper person, for such was his commission, no sooner she being come, but bowing low, he delivered her the pledge of dear remembrance the which she no sooner saw but knew it and wept for joy, and ordering her servants to give the Messenger an Hundred Marks for the good tydings and went with him to the Cave where her Lord was, who espying her, tho' feeble and weak, went out to meet her, where they embraced each other, not being able to speak for a good space, till Guy thus expressed himself.

Alas my love, I see thou hast well obeyed my will in every point with joy since my return, I oft have heard thy praises told, how vertuous and chaste thou hast remain'd, and above all took pleasure to relieve the Poor, my self disguised having received alms from thy hands unknown. It was I that freed England from the cruel Danes, and ever since have had my lodging in this cave, often fed on roots and dranks Water from the Brook, shedding tears for true Repentance for my crying sins, and now have made my peace with Heaven; he would have proceeded but she interrupted him, and fetching a deep sigh cryed, Ah my dear Lord, and could you be so cruel to your mournful Phœbe thus long to conceal your self from her that with such earnestness enquired after you, but in vain, no news of you e're reached my longing Ears: Alas, said Guy, it was for the welfare of my immortal soul that I made made not my self nor solitary dwelling known, nor should I now have done (tho' Heaven knows I love thee above all earthly things) had not this mortal sickness siezed me, and according to my promise I desired to embrace thee once before I dye, weep

not

not my love, 'tis but a short space and we shall meet in Heaven never to be separated more; this being no sooner said, but a fit of his Disease seized him he fell into a swoond, whereupon she with much rubbing and sprinkling of Water in his face with the assistance of the Traveller brought him to life again, then sending for her servants ordered them to fetch all manner of Cordials, and would have removed her Lord to his Castle, but he would in no wise consent to it, saying, He had chosen that silent place quietly there to resign his breath, the which he did accordingly in two days after, commending his immortal soul into the hands of his great Creator, leaving her sole Possessor of all his worldly Goods to dispose of them as she thought fit, during which space of ~~We~~ she would not leave him, but watched with him in the cold Cave, and no sooner perceiving his immortal Soul had taken flight, but she cryed, Ah cruel death then will thou let me stay, no I will but follow my dear Lord to his Eternal place; which said, she in height of distraction beat her snowy breasts, tore off her golden hair, and mangled her face, and had done greater violence had they not restrained her, then embracing the dead Corps she fell into a swoond, which her servants perceiving, conveyed her with the Body of her departed Lord to Warwick Castle: Long it was not before the fame of Guys death that great Champion of the World, whose equal Europe could never boast of since or before, spread thro' the Land, whereupon the King and Queen left York and came to Warwick, to give order for the burial of so Renowned a Subject, and likewise comfort his disconsolate Lady, but could not affect the latter, for she shun'd all converse, delighting more in solitary Darkness than in light, refusing either meat or drink for three days space; in the mean while Guys corps by the Kings order was Imbalm'd and all the Castle hung with mourning to the Ground, but while they were sumptuously preparing for his Funeral, the Countess thro' extream Grief fell into a violent Fever, of which in despite of Art in a short space she dyed, and breathing out her soul, cryed, Now, my Lord with joy I come to enjoy thy company for ever in bright Mansions far above the Starry Skies

This renewed the former Grief throughout the Nation, each exclaiming against the tyranny of death, who had bereaved them in so short a space of the most Renowned pair the Nation ever bred, the one for Matchless Deeds in Arms, the other for matchless beauty and vertue.

The King gave order to erect a spacious Monument over the Tomb designed for them, on which was carved Guy's Noble and Heroick deeds with both their Images, lying as it were asleep, whilst Angels strewed Roses and fragrant flowers round 'em and plac'd Garlands on their heads: The time of the Solemnity being come, all the Nobility in England in Mourning attended the Boies, the King and Queen being chief mourners, whilst the Trumpets sounded

ded dolefully before them and the Priests their Requiens sung, their bodies were laid both in the self same Tomb, and this Epitaph was infixed, &c.

E P I T A P H.

*Under this sacred Pile of Marble Stone
Do lye the Wonders of the World, whom none
Could ever match; here's War and Beauties Pri'e,
The far-Famed Bridegroom and his lovely Bride,
Great Mars and Venus here Entombed lye,
Whose Names Immortal are and cannot Dye.*

After this, the King caused Guy's sword with which he fought most of his dreadful battels withal, the head of the Dragon killed in Northumberland, and the Rib of the Dun Cow, with several other Trophies of his Conquest, to be hang'd up in Warwick Castle, as likewise on Cloth of Arras, the full proportion of the monstrous Dragon which was about thirty foot in length, appointing a Man a yearly Sallary to keep them, some of which are remaining to this day, and may be seen for the better satisfaction of the curious or incredulous of the Age, which will hardly be induced to believe that ever such Wootiches were, tho' Scripture it self makes mention of several.

F I N I S.

These BOOKS following are Printed for and Sold by Charles Bates, at the Sun and Bible in Guilt-spur-street, and by John Foster, at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner; Where any Country Chapmen or Others may be Furnished with all sorts of Historys, small Books, and Ballads, at Reasonable Rates.

THE Brittish Fortune-tellar; Or, a new Book of Fortune, with Prophetical Solutions or Answers, to fifty two Questions, giving satisfaction to every Condition, either as it Relates to Love or Busines. *As what manner of Man the Husband shall be, &c. Or how many Husbands a Woman shall have &c. How many Wives a Man shall have, and such like Questions, &c.* All very Pleasant and Delightful, having double the Number of Questions and Answers of any Book of this Nature now Extant. By George Stanmore, Gent. Price fittche is. 6d.

The New History of the Trojan Wars and Troy's Destruction. Containing an Account of the Birth, Life, Death, and Glorious Actions of the Mighty *Hercules* of Greece. With the Renowned and Valiant Deeds of the most famous *Hector* of *Troy*. Also the Rape of *Helen* of Greece, by *Paris* of *Troy*; the Occasion of Ten Years War: Together with the last Destruction of *Troy*, by the Stratagem of the Wooden Horse. Price bound 1s.

The Ladys Treasury Exposed. Containing all the Newest and Choicest Secrets in Cookery; Relating to the making of all sorts of Pies, Cheese Cakes, Fritters, Tarts, Cakes, Tarts, Pasties, Florentines; and the Raising all sorts of Pastes suitable for Each. To which is Added, A Rare Method for making of all sorts of Sauces for Flesh and Fish, as also the way of Serving and Dressing either, after a most New, Neat and Fine manner; as also Soops, Puddings, Pickles, Roasting, Boiling, Hashing, Stewing, Fricasies, Gravies, Forc'd Meats, *Whestphalia* - Ham, Potting of Fowls and Vension, Preserving and Keeping of Fruit for all proper occasions, &c. The whole consisting of great Variety, never before made Publick.

By a Gentlewoman, who was lately Cook to a Great and Eminent Dutchesse at *Parish* in *France*. Price sticht 6d.

A New-Years Gift; In two Parts: Part I. Early Piety; Or, a serious Exhortation to young Persons, to Remember their Creator in the Days of their Youth: With Examples of Persons famous for their early Piety. Part II. The Devout Christian's Manual; containing Devotions for several Occasions, Ordinary, and Extraordinary. To which is Added, a Morning and Evening Hymn; by *Thomas*, late L. B. of *Bath* and *Wells*. Price bound 1s.

The Art of Ringing made Easie: by Plain Methodical Rules and Directions, whereby the Ingenious Practitioner may with a little Practice and Care, attain to the Knowledge of Ringing all manner of Double, Tripple, and Quadruple Changes. With Variety of New Peals upon 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, Bells: As also, The Method of Calling Bobs for any Peal of Tripples, from 168 to 2520. (being the Half Peal:) Also for any Peal of Quadruples or Catons, from 324, to 1140. Never before Published.

The Second Edition Corrected.

Price bound 1s 6d.

